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THE

Irish Miscellany,

OR

Teagueland JESTS:

Being a Compleat

COLLECTION

Of the most

Profound Puns,	Amorous Letters,
Learned Bulls,	Sublime Poetry,
Elaborate Quibbles,	and wise Sayings,

Of the NATIVES of Teagueland.

---

Being a Sequel to *Joe Miller's Jests*.

---

Shet foudr yor Generaul Nouddificaushion: And  
coullected bee de grete Caare and Painsh-tauking  
of oour laurned Countret-maun,

*Mac O Bonniclabbero of Drogheda,*  
Knight of the *Mendicant* Order.

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THE FOURTH EDITION.

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L O N D O N:

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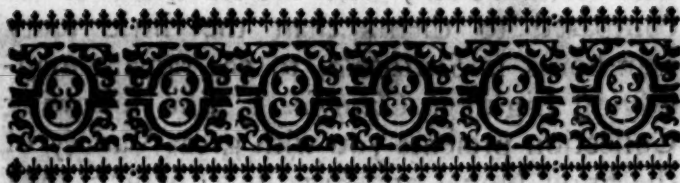
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# T O T H E R E A D E R.

**T**H E Bulls and Witticisms, that have too frequently dropt from the Mouths of dear Joys, have made them so famous, that they are become the Discourse and Entertainment of almost all Sorts of Companies: And in Troth, they are generally so full of Diversion, that they would almost force a Smile from *Heraclitus*. Nothing more recommends them, than the natural Stupidity or Simplicity of the Natives; so that they do not appear like the little Contrivances, but purely the Effects of their Notions and Mistakes of Things.

The *Welshmen* and *Scots* had a long Time engrossed all the Table-Talk of the Town; and the Jest and Stories that were related concerning them, passed instead of a Song, or a Fiddle. But *Teague* and his Countrymen, have clearly baffled Saint *Taffy* and Saint *Andrew*, for down-right Dunstable,

Blunder and Pun; who are no more to be compared to them, than the little footy Lanthorns in *Smithfield*, to the radiant magnifying Lights in *Cheapside*. The following Collection presents you with great Variety of the most Novel and Facetious; which may serve as Walnuts with a Glas of Wine, and be an excellent Relief against an uneasy and sullen Melancholy. The Collector has not the Vanity to persuade himself, that they will suit every Temper; there being some so perverse and implacable, as never to like any Man's Humour but their own; and, like the Crow, think their own Offspring fairest: I fairly leave such to the Election of their own Appetites; and shall not presume to force my Sauce upon their Palates. I have no Apprehension, that any ingenious Reader can interpret any Thing herein contained, as a national or particular Reflection; that being the most remote imaginable, both from the Collector's Inclination and Intention: And I shall, for once, presume to obviate any such undue Reflection, with the Motto of the Royal Garter; *Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense*. But if you will have it in short, The Design of publishing them is this: That whilst the Reader enjoys himself and Friend over a Glas of Wine, the Book-seller and I may have a Glas of Wine to make merry over too.

*Farewell.*

T H E



T H E  
P R E F A C E,  
By *TEAGUE.*



*EE Shaint Pautrick, de Dee'l tauke me noow, but I caun remaumber de Time, vaan me Fauder vash mauke Retorne of a grate dele vary musth Monish, be Chreest; and dat vash consarning Sheepsh, and Cowesh, and Hourshes, and Pigsh too, be Shaint Antonie, and vaat ish de Maater, in de Dee'llish Naume, indede, dat dere ish noe Money for mine Bullsh, indede? And, in fait, dear Joy, Dee'l tauke me, bot dey be of de largesht Kind too, indede; and dey be aull of de right Sbtrainine too, noow. Heare ish no leeving vidout Monysh, in fait, dear Joy, and me Beef and*

and Broat Voman (de Dee'l tauke de Beesh) she will not trosht me for Tree-baulf-pensh more, for mine Dinmar indede. I haue mauke try to binde me shelfe Prentish to shome Boudy, to get Monysh; and, be Shaint Pantrick's Bonnet, dere ish noe Boudy vill haufe me, noow. And I did tinke to binde me shelfe Prentish to shome Evidansh-mauker; and be Shaint Bridgat, dat be aull oout of de Faushion, and every Boudy must be honest, be Chreesht, and dere ish noe Plaushes to be got noow. And I wash just a goeing to coume and mauke haung upon me shelfe indede, and to put de Maater out of all dout; vor dere vash none leeuving vor Teague any longer. And vash not dish a veery shad Causb indede? Vaan I vash in dish Condishion, and vash just maake tinkin upon haungin, be Chreesht; dere comesh a Maun, and lookesh upon me Faush in fait: What is the Matter honest Lad, says he? Be Chreesht, and daat be veery goodt Newsh, to call me honest, I tinke; and I tall him de Maater vash veery haud indede, vor I vash in mishurable poor Condishion indede. Dan be shay to me, daat I must be for putting me shelfe upon good Cheare; daat be had Friendsb woud halpe me



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me to shome Money, indede. Be me Shal-  
vashion, dear Joy, I vash for mauking  
veery musb Joy upon me shelfe noow; and  
I deed shay to him, indede; Be de Mausb,  
dear Joy, de beesht de shivillest Parshon  
in aull de World, in fait; and de Dec'l  
tauke me indede, bot dee basht mauke  
musb rejoyshing upon me noow too; and  
I voud praay dee to doe me de Favour, to  
shew me de Kindnesb, to tall me vbat dish  
Friend of dyne ish, daat vill halp me to  
shom Money indede; and I shall be bound  
to mauke me shelfe, and aull de Posbterity  
of poor Teague over to hem, and hisb  
Haresb, be Laater of Atturny, in fait  
noow. Well then, be did shay to me,  
If thou canst furnish me with some good  
current Bulls, thou shalt have ready  
Money for them. Noow, de Dee'l tauke  
dee, dear Joy, I did shay to him, dou  
basht mauke me dede agen, be me Shoul;  
for de Armish did mauke Plundar upon  
mine Fader, and did tauke away all hisb  
Bullsh, Cowesh and Horsbes too, be Chreesht,  
before dat I vash born indede: And noow,  
if dat be aull, I vill onsb moure tauke  
baunging into me Consbideration, indede;  
and sho fare de vell, dear Joy. But stay,  
be did shay to me agen, I do not mean  
Horn'd

## Viii The PREFACE.

Horn'd Beasts, *my Friends*, we Citizens, have enow of this Sort of Cattle ; I say, I mean a Sort of comical Jokes, called Bulls, that are a preposterous Kind of speaking ; when you return my Meaning as by Mistake : In short, I do not mean the Bull *for* the Mouth, but the Bull *of* the Mouth ; and such as these, and any other pleasant Stories for Diversion, are the Market I would be at. *Enoow ! Enoow ! dear Joy, I did shay, I doe undersbtand dee indede, it isb shome Sbtories consbarning me shelfe, and Bryan, and halfe a Dosben more of usb : Be me Shoul, I can tall dee abandansb indede. And if dee vilt be sho shivil, to mauke Paymensb of shom Monysb, I vill tall dee sho many ash a whole Drove at dish Time, indede : And vhen vee doo meet agen, vee vill hauve de toddar Bout, be me Broguesb, in fait noow.*

THE



T H E  
*Irish* Miscellany.



Necessity hath been often the Mother of Ingenuity, and it will appear a very great Truth, if the following Story be considered. For *Dennis* had a long Time been waiting, and *making Petition for a Plaush*, until *Fob* grew so low that it could not produce three Half-pence a Day for the *Irish Ordinary*: So that as he was taking the Matter into serious Consideration, an End of Gold and Silver Woman passed by with her usual Cry, Any old *Sattin*, or *Taffaty*, or *Velvet*, any old *Lace*, take Money for it. *Noo, I prethee dear Joy* (quoth *Dennis* to the Woman) *what ish the Prishe dat thee wilt geef for good Lace? I have so much at me Lodging as cost about three Poundsh, and I will goe and fesh it for thee presbantly, if thee wilt give me shom Money for it.* The Woman reply'd, that she never gave above 5s. an Ounce for the best, when it was well burnt and cleaned: *Dan I would besheech thee to call at me Lodgings an Hour after thish Time, and be Creeisht I will burn me Laush for thee now, and thee shalt have it indee;* Pray where is your Lodging, said the Wo-  
B man?



man? *Why me Lodgings at the Bird and Baby, be Sharing-Cross indede; and Devil tauke me if thee wilt call, thee shalt have me best Laush, and it ish very good indede.* The Woman went her Way, and Dennis repairs to his Lodging, taking his best Lace Cravat and Ruffles, and set them on Fire, preserving the Ashes carefully, and making them up in a Piece of Paper. The Woman came at the Time, and Dennis brought her down the Paper of Ashes; what is this, says the Woman, that you have brought me? *Be me Shoul what dost dee tinke it ish? why it ish all my best Laush, and I have burnt it very carefully for thee indede, and noo I woud have thee take Notish what ish de Wayt of it, and givt me de Mony for it.* Dost think me mad, reply'd the Woman, to give Money for a few Ashes; I tell thee, I do not use to deal in such Ware. *Noo the Deevil tauke me, said Dennis, it ish me best Laush Cravat and Cuffs, and I had them of me Captain the other Day, and noo I have burnt them for dee, wilt geeve me noting for it.* Deevil tauke thee for a Bish, you Son of a Whore, I will make sware upon thee before the Justice, for putting de great Cheat upon me, *bashe Slut indede. Where ish the Mony for the burnt Laush now, ha?* Prethee get Home, you bog-trotting Owl, quoth the Woman, burn thy Mantle and Brogues, it may be that may yield thee some Money to buy a Plaush, you simple Scoundrel thou. *Bee Creeft,* quoth Dennis, *thee beest come to put Abuse upon me, Deevil tauke me for a Son of a Whore, but I will mauke Revenge upon thee for me best Laush now, yesh indede.* The Scuffle continued a long Time, before Dennis could be convinced of his Error; until at length all that heard it, laughed heartily at his Ignorance, which made him go out of the House in great Indignation.

2. A Bird in Hand is worth two in a Bush they say,  
and



and Owen made some Proof of it: For his Lady gave him a *Canary Bird* to present from her to a Lady of her Acquaintance, now Owen had seen the Boys house their Sparrows under their Hats, and, being taken with the Humour, puts the *Canary Bird* up under his; but in the Way as he was going with his Present, a Coach passed by, behind which was a Country-man of Owen's, who put off his Hat to Owen; and our dear Joy answered his Complement with much Respect, not minding the *Canary Bird* in the Garret; at length he came to the Lady's House, and asked the Porter if his Lady were within, who answered him, Yes. *Why then* (quoth Owen) *I prethee tell her, that I am belonging to such a Lady, and be me Shoul I have brought her a Present from my Lady: Whereupon Owen being call'd in, delivers himself after this Manner, Me Lady presents her Sharvish to thee, and has spent thee* (at that he began to feel on his Crown, to look in his Hat, and to brush the Locks of his Wig, looking every Way about him :) *What hath she sent, quoth the Lady? Be Creeft it wash a little shinning Bird, and the Deevil tauke me Joy, it ish come to noting at all now.*

3. Dear Joy paying great Devotion before a certain old Image, at a Church in *France*; it happened that the rotten Figure fell upon him, and bruised him very much, so that he was forced to keep within Doors for a considerable Time, and then coming again to the same Church, he saw a very fine new Image set up in the same Place; to which he addressed himself after this Sort; *Be my Shoul, dear Joy, Deevil tauke me if thee dasht not look as pleashant as mine own Sweetheart, and I can scarce forbear to mauke Prayer to thee, but thy Father leaped down upon me, and wash like to breake my Neck; and by Creeft I have no Mind to trust thee for all thy fine Looks.*

4. When *Tangier* was in the Possession of his Majesty of *Great Britain*, a certain *Irish* Man was Servant to a Major there; the Major happened to die in his Servant's Debt for Wages, and about three Years after his Death, the *Irish* Man delivered a Petition to the Governor to this Effect.

### The Petition.

May it please thy Graushes Neckshellence,  
**T**Here ish happen to be great fallen out between me Mashter Major White, and me Shelfe, consbarning shom Monysb that ish owing unto me from himshelfe, and be Creeisht, dear Joy, I will tall thee it ish for Wages; noo the Deevil tauke me but I will mauke Petition upon thee, that thee wouldst be pleased to do me the Favour, to do me the Kindnesb, to tauke Order vid him that he may pay me the Mony, and be me Shalwashion I will tell thee, I will buy Comishion of thee for a Captain or Colonelsb Plaush indede. So I advish thee to tauke shpeashial Caure that I may hauve what ish due to me, for the Deevil tauke thee if I can tell what to do for want of it indede. And if thee own dear shelfe cannot tauke Order for me, I will pray thee to make Petishion fore me upon his Majesties Grauce into England, that I may not have Cheat put upon me, for what ish my own indede.

Sho I resht, dear Joy,

Thy Graushes Humble Sharvant,

M. D.

The Governor having considered the Contents of the Petition, began to enquire what this Major *White* was, and being informed that the Gentleman had been dead for three Years, he could not forbear smiling at the downright Ignorance of the Petitioner, and order'd him to be called in, when he

he spake to him to this Purpose: Friend, I have read thy Paper here, and I find thee wouldst have me order one Major *White* to pay thee Money: Where is this Major *White*?

D. *Why, if dee wilt come along vid me, I will shew dee whare he ish put under a Shtone, indede.*

Gov. What! Is he dead, then?

D. *Yesh, be Creefbt is he.*

Gov. How long?

D. *It ish, let me shew, it ish about tree Yearsh, dear Joy.*

Gov. This is very pretty, and thou wou'dst have me sue him in the Grave for thee, I warrant thee? ha!

D. *Yesh, yesh, Devil tauke me, I wou'd indede.*

Gov. It is not like that such a Gentleman died in Debt to his Servants; but the Dead pay no Debts.

D. *Be me Shoul dat ish very pretty, dear Joy! Then it ish noting but to die, and put the Cheat upon every Body, for what ish due to them! Be the Mash, this ish the greatest Cheat in the whole World, now! I will die too, be Chresbt, and put the great Cheat upon every Body too indede.*

The Governor was ready to burst with the Comedy, and ordered his Servants to make the *Irishman* drink, and so dismiss'd him.

5. A certain Colonel having lost one of his Hands in his Majesty's Service, and an artificial Hand of Steel put on, and it was done with that Curiosity, that he could hold his Fork in it, take up a Cup of Beer, or command his Horse with it, but still it appear'd to be Steel, and was very finely polish'd. It happen'd, a dear Joy was waiting upon his Master at Table, who dined with the Colonel; he took great Notice of the Steel Hand; at length, quoth he to the Colonel's Servant, *I prethee tell me, wash dy Master born wid dat Hand? Be Creefbt, it ish very strange an Iron*



*Iron Hand should grow so big, is it not?* The Servant told the *Irishman's* Question to the Table, who laugh'd heartily at it.

6. *Naturam expellas Fune licet usque Recurret.* Once a Taylor, and always a Thief, was an old Saying, founded upon good Experience; or if that will not convince you of the Unalterableness of Men's natural Dispositions, perhaps the ensuing Story may.

It is said, a certain Mac-lander had lifted himself in the *Spanish* Army in *Flanders*, but (not well approving of that Service) had deserted his Colours, and was thereupon apprehended, and tied up to Destiny upon a Gibbet, not far from *Bruges*. A Countryman passing by with his Cart in a little Time after the Body had been trussed up, and considering him to be a proper Fellow; having likewise felt, and found his Body pretty warm, and that his Breath had not quite deserted it; began to entertain some Thoughts of taking him down, and endeavouring to restore him again to the Number of the Living: Accordingly, when he had driven the Cart under the Tree, and receiv'd the Body in it, he cut the Hemp, and drove him home, where there was immediate Care taken, by bleeding, fomenting, and other requisite Means for his Recovery; so that in a few Hours he was as if he had never been suspended. He had a Remembrance that he had been dragg'd to the Place of Execution, but not the least Apprehension of what had been done to him afterwards. The honest Countryman told him the Condition he had found him in, and the Cure, and Means that had been taken for his Recovery. *Mac* seemed very penitent, and resolved upon a new Course of Life; complaining much upon the Saints. *Upon my Shoul, says he, be Greefht, I have maake Abundansh of Shuplication, and I have been*



been shivel to dem indede, aund eet upon aall dat, neever one of them wash sho kind to come shawe me, or to tauke de Shtring from me Neck indede: Noord de Plaage devil dem, for I am shatishfied de beesht honest Man dan dey be. I have mauke much Sharvish and Kindness upon dem, aund dey wash not come to shave me, aund I will not come to dem again, indede; but I will be vid dee, and vill mauke all me Sharvish upon dee, in fait, aund let dem aall be sharved, ash dey vou'd let me be sharved, indede.

The Countryman hoped that he had gained a stout Servant, and was very well satisfied in what he had done: But there are a Sort of Horses, bred in a certain Country, that all the Art and Care of the most skilful Jockey can never reclaim, or break from their Jade's Tricks; they will still retain their unlucky Qualities; and it is not improbable, that many of the Natives of that Land are of the same Disposition with their Beasts, (that is to say) they are not reclaimable: For this very *Mac* we are now speaking of, no sooner was intrusted by the honest *Flanderkin*, to assist him in the Business of his Husbandry; no sooner was he warm, but like the Snake, his Poison return'd to him; his *Mac* Qualities regained upon him; he made shift to rob the honest Countryman of what he could pillage, and rid away with one of his best Horses in the Bargain, and this within three Days after the good Man had sav'd his Life. The *Flanderkin* and his Son soon perceiving something amiss, pursued the ungrateful Wretch, and within a League or two of the Village found him wallowing in Brandy, (a Bastard Sort of Uquebaugh). He was immediately bound and manacled, carried to his Master's House, and there once more put into the Cart, and conveyed to the Place from whence he had been repriev'd from Execution. When he came underneath the fertile Tree,

Tree, and had the second Time taken the Form of Hanging into his Consideration, there was a great *Hoo boob* raised within him, by reason of something of Regret he had to make his *Exit* on that Fashion: But for greater Decorum of Conclusion (for want of a Ghostly Father) he made his Confession to his Executioners in Manner and Form following (*that ish to shay*) *It ish a plagy Causb indede (me dear Joy) dat dee wilt tye me up to disb deevillish unwholsome Plaush agen, be Chreesht: Noow de Deevil tauke me, aund be Shaint Pau-tricksh Shoo-bookle! it ish very haard indede! Me Fadder wash a Cut-Troat, be de Mash, in Fait; and be had great Liberty of Conshiansh, to do every Ting; and be Creesht! hoo! hoo! hoo! woo! it ish bloody haard, indede, now, to maaake two Murdar upon me Body, indede. Furst, the King of Shpains Laawesh, for desharting me Coloursh, indede! and now, dear Joy, be Creesht dee wilt hang me too, for shom Pishtolsh, and a plagy drooukan Guelding of a Maure, (be Chreesht) dat shtop at de next Braandy Shop; aund noow de Deevil tauke de Maure too indede, daat she cou'd not run away surdar vid me; aund by de Mash, I musht be haung'd twish noow for de Faudsh Trecksh of disb plagy Maure indede! hoo! hoo! woo! boo! boo! Noow de Deevil tauke dee too noow, aund vaat musht I be haung'd twishe for noow? Heare ish dy Maure agen indede, aund heare ish de Pishtolsh, aul but shix, upon me Fait now! aund I predee, deare Joy, lat ush be Friensh agaain, indede! aund I will sware my shelf to de Deevil for dee, indede. Hark ye, hark ye, (dear Joy) quoth the Spaniard, I do you no Wrong; I found you here in a stinking Pickle, I carried you home, and dry'd you, and made you clean; in fine, I sav'd you once from the Gallows, and you have served me accordingly; and now let the next Man that has a*

Mind

Mind to be cheated, take thee down again, for I will e'n leave thee as I found thee; and so farewell, and be hang'd; that's twice God bu'y.

Having so said, they left there the dangling Object to scare the Passengers, who were in great Surprize, to see the same Man that was hang'd three Days before, and they thought buried the same Night, come again and hang upon the same Gibbet, and that now he had got Boots on, whereas before he had none; (for you must know, the Farmer and his Son were in such Haste to be rid of him, that they tied him up in the same Garb that they found him) this mightily surprized them, and they thought the Devil had sent him Post back again.

7. A Gentleman's Footman in the Country, took an Occasion to gallant the Kitching-Maid, (between whom had passed many an amorous Intrigue) and leading her into the Orchard, in a Summer's Evening, they happen'd to sit down under a Pipping-Tree, to entertain themselves with a little private Conversation, about the Business of comfortable Importance. *Be Shaint Pautrick's Shoo-horne, says Donnell, I have very much great deal of Love for dee, I vill put shom Kish upon dee Fausb, aund maake shom Child upon de Body, indede.* And so Donnel put what he had said in Execution. Now it happen'd, that upon that very Tree was a Spark, who had come thither to borrow some of the Fruit, and upon their Approach to that Place, kept himself very close, but so that he saw and heard all that passed. When the Exercise was over, said the Miss to the Lover, Oh, *Donnel*, you and I have often had these Enjoyments, but if I should prove with Child, what Care would there be taken of me, or the Infant? *Noow, de Deevil tauke me,* replied he, *be de Mash, it ish unshivil for dee to put shuch Question upon mee*  
C *indede;*



indade; pradee lat me shom more Kish upon dy Faush, in Fait, and dere ish one above vill tauke Caure for de Child and dee too, be Chreesht. That's a damn'd Lye, says the Fellow in the Tree, for I never intend to take Care for any Bastards, but of my own getting. Upon which Words they both ran away in great Confusion; Donnel crying out, *Be me Shalvashion, de Deevil hasht been Vitnes to vat ve haave don, indede t aund if dee beesht mauke vid Child, he himshelfe shall be de Godfader, in Fait.*

8. Bryan having hurted one of his Legs, that it was much swollen, and his Master having Oecasion to send him a considerable Journey into the Country, Bryan went to the Shoemaker, directing him to make one of his Boots larger than the other. When the Boots were brought home, and to be put on, Bryan fell into a great Passion with the Shoemaker, swearing at him, *Be de Shoul of mine Fader aund me Graundfader, let a tousand Deevilsh pull me to Peeshes, if dou beesht not de greatesht Fool hat ever wash borne upon a Voman; vaat de Deevil, cansht dee not undershtand vaat ish sho plain shaid to dee? I did bad dee mauke one of me Botosh biggar dan de toddar, and be Chreesht, de Shimpleton have mauke one leshter dan dee toddar: Preddee, dear Joy, dee maisht tauke dem home vid dy none shelfe again indede, day vill not be upon Sharvish for me, be Chreesht now, la.*

9. Mac Clan and his Man being travelling together upon the Road, one of his Horses was lamed by the prick of a Nail, and the other had receiv'd a Strain in one Shoulder. *Be Shaint Pau-trick's Tobacco-stopper, and Shaint Brigatsh Thimble, noew de Devil reed away upon me, in Fait, but one of deesbe Horses ish boat downreeght laam, in Fait! Yeet be me Mash-booke, the blauke Maure be a shtoutar Horsh dan de vite Naag, indede. Deevil*



Deevil tauke me, if I haave not maake ride upon me laame Beetch, indede, dat mine Arsh ish sho shore ash de back of mine Haund, in Fait; plaague devil de daumn Beech for me, she will never leave mauke shumble and faul, before she throw me from de Shadle down Shtairsh, aund brauk me Neck, be Chreesht. But, Dennish, says he to his Man, I will mauke Shpeak upon dee a leetle, indede, upon a wheesh Voot ish me Maure laume indede? Noow de Plague taake dee in Fait, dosht not dee know? Be Creesht, it ish de bander Footsh before, reply'd Dennis to his Master. Aund be me Shawl vaat ish de maatree daat dy Naag be sho upreeht laume, I preddee? Noow, de Deevil taake dee indede, dear Joy, reply'd Dennis to his Master again, dosht dee not shet vid dyne Eysh, indede? Whee, dan I will tall dee noow; it ish de Rumpe-boan of de reeght Sholdar upon de neddar Side dat ish put oout of hish Plaush, Joy, aund be Shaint Antonee, de Deevil tauke me, but I am sho laume, daat I cannot sheet upon de Baak of de Deevil any longar in Fait, noow! They jogg'd on upon their cripled Jades for a long Time, sometimes cursing themselves, sometimes their Horses, sometimes their Saints, or any Thing they thought on; 'till at length they stumbled upon a Farrier's Shop, in a small Country Village upon the Road, and asked the Farrier's Advice about their Rosinante's; Vulcan told them, one must have his Foot drawn, and the other be rowel'd on the Shoulder, and that they must have many Days Rest, before he could warrant a Cure upon them. Deevil rasht dare Sholesh in dare Gravesh indede, reply'd Mac Clan, voo de pocksh vou'd be sho plag'd vid a Couple of deevillish Beeches, in Fait? I veesh vid aul me Shoul, indede, dat I haud mauke von lustie auble Horse for boat de Beechesh, in Fait, La!

Say you so, says the Farrier, who perceived the Simplicity of the Animals; if you will leave the Horses to my Care, I doubt not but for both of them I may procure a stout Nag, against your Return this Way. *Vid aul mine Harte, dear Joy, said Mac' Clan, I vill mauke put dem upon dy Caare, be me Should; and I vill mauke call upon dee about three Weeksh after Yesterday; aund I vill geeve dee Shatishfaction for dy Kindnesch to me Horsbes, indede! Aund, be Chreesht, dear Joy, she dou mauke a propper Galding oout of dem too, indede.* Let me alone for that, reply'd the Smith, and so they parted, leaving their Cattle to his Care, whilst they pursued the rest of their Journey on foot-back, about fifty Miles. During their Absence, you must know, the Farrier had cured, and put off the two Horses belonging to *Mac Clan* and his Man *Dennis*, and had got Money by the Bargain; and had provided an old rotten Keffil to accommodate the Spark at his Return. Now you are to understand, that *Mac's* Mare was black, and *Dennis's* Nag was white, and the Beast that *Vulcan* had provided was pyed, answerable to both their Colours: So that when our Spark returned, and saw the Animal that was provided for him, he concluded within himself, that it really had been compounded of his black Mare, and *Dennis's* white Nag. Noow, *be Shaint Bartelemew's butchering Knife, dear Joy, says Mac Clan to the Farrier, let me shink up to de Earsh in de next Bog, be Chreesht, but dee art shartainly de Man of the mosht confounded Shiensh in de Vorld, in Fait; for dere ish de shame Col-loursh, be Chreesht, de very shame Coomplackshigh ash me Maure wash, aund de same white Hairsh ash vas upon Dennish's Horsh: Be de Mash, it ish like boat one of de too; but I vill mauke a lettle sheeking upon dee, dear Joy: What ish de Reason*

Reason daat dish Horsh ish sho leetle, aund be me should indede, dee hasht put too Horshes into hish Body? I should mauke Expectashionsh dat de too Horshes should mauke one tall, shtrong, and lushty Galding, indede. You must confider, said the Farrier, this is but a Colt yet, being not three Weeks since it was made, but when it is full grown, it will be a mighty Beast indeed. *Dosht dee beare daat*, Dennis, says *Mac* to his Man, *be Chreesht it ish a Colt, he shay, aund it will be a very great Horsh, van he be grown op to Mansh Eshate. Be Chreesht, dish be de verey larned Man, in Fait; Devil tauke me, dear Jey, I vill mauke Publicaashion of dy grate Shkill in every Plvush, indede.* In fine, they came to Agreement, what the Farrier was to have for making up the two laume Horshes into one: *Mac* pay'd him his Demands, put one of the Saddles upon *Pye*, and *Mac* got upon him; the other Saddle was girt upon *Dennis*, who followed his Master on Foot. They parted from the Farrier, not without great Suspicion of his being a Conjurer; *Dennis* was once under some Fear, when the Saddle was fastened to his Back, lest the Man of Art should have converted him to a Horse too. They had not travell'd far, before *Dennis* perceiv'd his Master's Horse to be lame of all four, and upon that Oecasion address'd himself to him in this Manner. *Noow, de Deevil tauke dee, dear Jey, de too Horshes daat was maake up into dish Cattle, vash laume but upon too Shidesh, indede; but in Fait, dish Galding ish laume upon all de fowre Footsh, la. Shee, shree, vat a damn Fool dow art*, reply'd *Mac*, aund be Chreesht, did not de larned Man shay it wash a Colt; and Deevil tauke me, hish Footsh will be tandar dish grate vile, 'till his Nailesh be grown hard and shtrong indede. Many more Observations were made upon their



their miraculous Beast ; and some say, *Mac* was upon *mauking* *Petishien* to make show of his *Twin-Barb* at the *Bell Shavage*.

10. *Patrick* had been in the Wars in *Germany*, and after his Return, sitting in Company with some of his Brother *Brogues*, he was vaunting what Dangers he had gone through, what Exploits he had done, and amongst the rest that he had cut off one of the Enemies Legs. *Be Chreesht, Pautrick* (says one of them) *dee shoudsht have dishcharged dee Paike at him, aund bauwe cut hish Heed off from his Body. Noow de Devil tauke me* (replied he) *daat ish veery true indede, but be de Maush, dear Joy, I caume too laute for daat indede, for be me Shaltwashion hish Heed wash taken away before indede now.*

11. One of *Dear-Joy-Land* had a Son that served a Gentleman here, in Quality of his Footman ; after he had been in *England* for some Time, his Friends (upon some Occasion) writ over for a Testimonial whether he was alive, or not ; upon consulting his Acquaintance about the Matter, they advised him to get a Scrivener to draw it, and get it signed by the Hands of the most credible Country-men that were known to his Relations : This being all done accordingly, he was told, he might send it by Post to *Chester*, and afterwards the Packet Boat would take Care of it : One Night his Master sent him to the Post-house with Letters ; and he had some Inclination to have put in his Certificate, but fearing the Pacquet Boat might miscarry, he resolved to carry it himself : His Master saw him no more for six Weeks, at length he appears again, and being asked what had occasion'd him to absent himself so long ; he made Answer to this Purpose. *Be Chreesht, me Relausbionsh deed mauke shand a Leetre, daat I must shand dem a Shortificate daat I wash alive ; I haad geot a Skrizishner to mauke write upon de Pauper for me,*



me, and it wash shined be me Friendsh here indede, but upon feare daat de Pacquet Boat should miscary, be Chreesht I did mauke goe, and carry it me shelfe indede, daat van day shee de Shartificate, day maight tinke it wash meen awn shelfe daat wash alive indede.

12. Teague having been obliged to wait upon his Master to *Edinburgh*, where he continued for some Time, at his Return to *London*, fell in Company of some of his old Acquaintance: How doest thou like that Country, Teague, says one of them? I will tall dee be Chreesht, reply'd he, I wash sheeke all de Time I wash dare indede: And be Shaint Pau-trick, if I haud leaved daure till dish Time, be de Maush, de Deevil tauke me indede, but I shou'd have been deed noow for sheaven Yearsh agoe, dear Joy, upon me fait it ish true indede.

13. A certain Lord having a nimble *Bog-Trotter* to his Servant, which used to travel with him when he rode, and wou'd make as quick Speed as his Horse, let him ride never so hard. This Nobleman having Occasion to send his Servant to a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, who lived about twelve Miles from him, he call'd his Man to him over Night, and said Teagus (for so the Fellow was named) I must send you to Morrow very early in the Morning to Mr. — pray remember. To which Teagus replied, *au my Shaul Joy I saul remember very well.* In the Morning Teague rose very early, and away he trots to this Gentleman's House, leaving his Master, as supposed, asleep; and being come, Teague knocked at the Door, and was let in, who presently ask'd for the Gentleman, the Master of the House; to which the Servant answered, he was not stirring. Teague said, *Be Chreesht I must speake with him, I did come from my Lord — my Master.* The Servant went and acquainted his Master thereof, thinking it had been some urgent Affair, that Teague should come

come twelve Miles so soon in the Morning. Whereupon his Master having a great Respect for the Lord, and believing it Business of Moment, ordered *Teague* to come up to his Chamber, and the Gentleman said, How now *Teague*, what News do you bring from my Lord your Master, that you are here so early? To which *Teague* answered, *be Chreesht I cano tell*: How does my Lord, said the Gentleman? *Indeed very well*, said *Teague*. What is your Errant, or Business with me, *Teague*, said the Gentleman? Said *Teague*, *Be Chreesht and St. Pautrick I cano tell, my Lord did call me to him over Night, and said, I must come to thee this Morning, yes indee, and he did charge me to remember it, aund be Chrest thou canst witness I have not forgot it, for thou seest I am here with thee*. Says the Gentleman, is this all? Said *Teague*, *au me Shoul I do not know any more, and so I will go Home, dear Joy, to my Master, and tell him, I did remember to come to thee*. Said the Gentleman, now I think on't *Teague*, you must stay a little while, I have something to send to your Master, which you came for. *Be Creesht, says Teague, I cano tell*: Then the Gentleman began to think how he should be reveng'd of this Rogue, that had thus disturbed him to no Purpose. At length he considered, that he had an ugly Stone Mortar which he did not value, which Mortar he gave *Teague*, and told him, he came for that Mortar, and that his Master had send him purposely for it. The Mortar weighed about 80 lb. which *Teague* got upon his Back, and took his Leave of the Gentleman; many a Face and many a Curse he did make at the Mortar, for it hurt his Back and Shoulders, and almost crippled poor *Teague*, but he was bound to endure it with Patience; having brought it Home, he had some Help to get it off his Back; and the rest of the Servants asked him where he had been, for his Lord

Lord had miss'd him? To which he was dumb, and would not answer any Thing for a long while; at last, my Lord being at a Bowling Green near, sent to see for *Teague*, and to command him to come to him, who came to the Green to my Lord; said the Lord to *Teague*, ye plaguy Rogue where have you been all this Day? *Teague* made ugly Faces, and points to his Back and Shoulders, being sore and gall'd by the Stone Mortar; and as often as my Lord ask'd him where he had been, my Lord received no other Answer, but wretched wry Faces, and pointing to his Shoulders and Back; till at length my Lord grew a little angry, Sirrah, said he, tell me where you have been, and the Meaning of your pointings and wry Mouth, or else I will cudgel your Bones. Then *Teague* answered, didst thou not say I must go to Mr. — this Morning, *and be Chreesht I have been with him.* You damn'd Rogue, said my Lord, I told you over Night, you should go to him in the Morning, but you should have come to me and taken my Errant along with you. *A Plague take thee and thy Errant too, I did bring thy Errant upon my Back be Chreesht, till I did bruise my Shoulders; and au my Shoul I shall goe no more of thy Errants.* Nay *Teague*, said my Lord, do not say so, what is it you have brought from the Gentleman? *Be Chreesht thou may'st see it if thou wilt goe Home.* No, *Teague*, said my Lord, being willing that some Gentlemen should share of the Mirth that this Fellow was like to make among them, go you Home and fetch this Errant that has so mortified your Shoulders, and let me see it. *Teague* goes Home and takes up the Mortar, and brings it to his Master upon the Green, and throws it down there; at which they all laughed heartily, that this Fellow should be so foolish as to go to the Gentleman without his Errant, and commended the Gentleman's Ingenuity to punish the Fool with

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such a Burden. To be short, his Master and the Company having had Sport enough with his four Faces, his pointings and his Errant, his Master bid him carry the Mortar Home, but withal to go to the Gentleman again, and fetch the Pestle to the Mortar, he having forgot it.

14. Among the Servants of a certain Nobleman, were a *Teaguelander* and a *Frenchman*, and these two did sometimes jar, sometimes were mighty loving. It happened at a certain Time that these two *Serks* were in a hot Dispute about their Country, and their Saints; and the *Frenchman* did sputter much in Praise of his Country, and of St. Dennis, who was Saint for France, saying, that no Saint in all the World could compare to St. Dennis, *Po po po po po po, Joy war, what St. Dennis, says Teague?* The *Frenchman* reply'd, St. Dennis was Saint for France, and St. Dennis was murdered at Paris, and his Head was cut off, and begar me tell you no Lie, when his Head have been cut off, St. Dennis did ketch up his Head in his Hands, and he did carry it two Leagues after it was cut off in his Hands, and there he did faint and fall down, so he was buried in that Place; and there is a Chapel built, and called by the Name of St. Dennis to this Day, and all the Kings of France will be crown'd there. The *Teaguelander* did burst into Laughter, and did say, *be Chreesht my Joy, thou doest mauke a great Prate of thy St. Dennis, but upon my Shakwasbion, St. Patrick was far beyond him.* St. Patrick, said the *Frenchman*, what was St. Patrick? *po po po, be Chreesht,* says the *Irishman*, *doest thou not know St. Patrick?* No begar said the *Frenchman*, me did never hear of an *Irish Saint.* No, says Teague, *be Chreesht I shauld break thy Pate for thee, what dost thou say there be no Teagueland Saint.* These Words caused some Blows, but they were quickly parted, and the *Frenchman* was judged to be in the Wrong, because

cause he gave affront to the *Teaguelander* in contradicting him; so he ask'd the Bog Trotter pardon, and desired him to go on upon his Story: Then said the Bog-trotter, *St. Patrick was Saint for Ireland, and he was murdered at Dublin in Ireland, and his Head was cut off, but the holy Saint did take his Head up, and did make to the Sea-side, resolving not to stay in that Country where they had so serv'd him, and coming to the Sea-side, he did fling himself into the Sea, and he did swim indeed threescore Leagues, and then he did come on Shore, and was so faint that he died, and he was buried, and the Place is called Holy Head to this Day.* Said the *Frenchman*, how did he swim, upon his Back? Says the *Irishman*, no be Chreesht he did swim upon his Belly, and did strike out his Hands as I do now; (he striking out his Hands in Imitation) where, says the *Frenchman* did he carry his Head then, *Po, po, po, po, Joy, why be Chreesht he did carry it in his Mouth, betwixt his Teeth, and indede, and upon my Shalwasbion it is true.*

15. A certain *Teague* call'd *Comines*, begging of some Gentlemen some Charity, one of the Gentlemen said to him, *Comines* why dost thou not get some Preferment amongst thy Country-men, you see the King is very kind to your Country-men, and gives them Places, and makes some Officers in the Army; why don't you put forward, and beg a Lieutenant's Place of his Majesty, or if it be but a Serjeant's, it would be better than this scandalous Way of begging? To which *Comines* reply'd, *That the King had made him a Justice of Peace in Teagueland; and he would not accept of any Preferment in the Army, but that some great Men did detain his Papers from him; and, said he, au my Shoul I cano goe for Teagueland, till they will give me my Papers.*

16. The said *Comines* did frequent a certain Printer's House, near *Charing Cross*, that the People were weary'd of him, and the Master said before a

Gentleman's Servant that lodged in his House, I would fain be rid of this Fellow, this *Comines*; for I can never be quiet for him. Said the Gentleman's Servant, I will shoot him for you, if you will; no, said the Master, I would not have him hurt; no, said the Servant, I will not hurt him; then said the Master do what you will to him. So *Comines* one Day standing with his Back to the Window of the back Shop of the Printer, and the Printer being walking and talking with a Friend, the Gentleman's Servant happened to come down to the Shop, and spying *Comines* at the Window, pops out a Pocket Pistol, and there being a Pane broke, he fires the Pistol under *Comines* Ear; it did no further Hurt, then caus'd his Peruke to stink for the present, but *Comines* falls down and cries out, *a poor Comines be Chreesht, poor Comines, the King's Evidence is killed, I am dead, I am dead:* The Printer finding some red Ink, did sprinkle some upon his Face and Clothes as he lay tumbling, sometimes with his Face upward, and his Eyes shut, sometimes on his Back, roaring out that he was murdered, and that the King's best Evidence was slain; at length, having continued a long Time in this Manner, and no Body condoling him, for it was a back Place where few People came, he began to take some Courage, and rubbing himself with his Hands about his Face, he opened his Eyes, and saw his Hands (as he thought) all bloody, which was only the red Ink; then he cry'd out louder, and tumbled up and down, saying, *be Chreesht my Heart Bloud is out, and upon my Shalwashion I have wash'd my Hands in my Heart Blood! O for the Soul of St. Patrick help poor Comines, whose Heart Blood is spilt for the King's Sake;* but those which were there did so flout and jeer him, that at last he did get upon his Legs, and did Dog trot it away, having never since been seen there, a pretty Way to be rid of impertinent *Irish* Beggars.



17. A certain *Teaguelander* came to some of his Comrades, and did say to them, *who dear Jey, doe you think is dead. Be Chreesht*, says one, *I cano tell*, the other answered in the same Manner. *Why Faith, dear Jey, it is our Friend Mac Daniel, and au my Shoul you must come to the Funeral*; said the *Teaguelanders* Comrades, *when did our Friend die?* says the Bog-trotter, *he did die to Morrow be Chreesht*; then said they, *when will he be buried*; said the other, *he will be buried Yesterday, yes indeed, and so God roast his Shoul*.

18. One of *St. Patrick's* Countrymen belonging to a certain Lord, did enquire in *Dublin* in a certain Street for the Sign of the white Dog; to which he was answered, that there was no such Sign as that. He goes a little further: *War Jey*, says the *Teaguelander*, *canst thou tell me where the white Dog is?* No, said the Man, there is no such Sign in this Street. *Be Chreesht*, says the other, *it must be in this Street*. Then, says the Man, there is the Talbot, but no white Dog; *po po po, Jey, be Chreesht that is the white Dog*; says the Man, I tell you no, it is the Talbot. *Hold, my dear Jey*, said the *Teaguelander*, *you must not call it the Talbot, but the white Dog; for the Lord Tyrconel's Name is Talbot, therefore you must say the white Dog*.

19. A certain Lady sending her Servant for some Candles, the Fellow meeting with a Comrade of his, stood talking in the Street with him, and having the Candles ty'd up in a Bunch, he held them dangling in his Hand: By and by comes a drunken Fellow along, and it happened that this drunken Fellow beat the Candles out of his Hand into the Dirt; the Weather being very dirty. *Oh*, said the *Teaguelander*, *be Chreesht, I am undon; my Lady will break my Pate, and turn me away! O what shall I do, my Candles are all spoil'd in the Dirt*. But the Candles had received

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no further Prejudice than being dirty. Says *Mac* to his Countryman, *My dear Joy*, predee tell me what I sall doe to make my Candles clean and white, as they were; for au my Shoul, I dare not goe home to my Lady till I have made them clean. So laying their Noddles together, it was agreed by them both, to go to the next Coffee-House. Says *Mac*, *Hark, me dear Joy* (to the Master) *I faith, I have had a great Misfortune; my Candles have fall in the Dirt, and I dare not goe home to my Lady, before they be clean; prethee, Joy, if thou can'st make them clean, I sall thank thee, and I will spend some Adoney in thy House, on my Shoul I will, dear Joy.* Well, said the Coffee-man, let me see them: The Coffee-man took them, and put them into a Platter, and wash'd them with some hot Liquor, so that the Dirt came off, and some of the Tallow also, but they were clean; so the Coffee-man brought *Mac* the Candles. Said *Mac*, *Now be Chreest, aund the Devil tauke me, I sware by him that made me, thou hast done them very well; but on my Shoul, dear Joy, thou must dry them too, for they be all wet. Where shall I dry them?* said the Coffee-man. *Po, po, po, Joy, come hither with me, and I will shew thee:* So he took the Candles, and hung them in the Chimney; and then said, *Good Master Coffee-man, prethee give me a Pipe of Tobacco, I will smook one Pipe, and by that Time they will be dry, indee.* While this Son of Teagueland was smooking, the Candles dript away all the while; so that when poor *Mac's* Pipe was out, he did go for his Candles, but could find none: Then, said he, *Be Chreest, the damn'd Rogues have stole me Candles! O me Shoul I must not goe home to my Lady, without the Candles:* But the Coffee-man presently shew'd him the Wicks of his Candles, and told him, the Tallow was all melted in the Fire.

Fire. This is an Experiment how to dry Candles when they are wet.

20. Another of the Sons of *Teagueland* having got into the Service of a worthy Gentleman, and lying with the rest of the Servants, who did usually fart, *Mac* told his Master of it, and said to him, *Dear Joy, predee mauke anoder Lodging, for I cannot lie vid de nasty Sharvants. What is the Matter?* says the Master. *Quoth Mac, Be Chreeft, dey doe so fart aund stink, dat, O my Shoul, does mauke me very sick.* Says the Master, How can that make you sick? *Yesh, indede,* replied *Mac, for be Chreeft, de stink of de Fart dos get into me Nose, shomtime into me Moutsh, and it goes doon into me Bally, aund dos mauke me full of de Gripe of de Gut, on me Shalwashion it ish true, aund I tauke me Snush, aund be Chreeft, it all shmel of Fart.* So his Master promised to remedy the Matter for him.

21. Another Son of *Teagueland* drinking Brandy with his Comrade, said to the other, *Dear Joy, we musht not drink too musb Braundy, it will mauke ush sleep, aund den we shall be deed, asb me Friend wash de oder Day.* Says the other to him, *How deed! I predee, how dost thou mean?* The other replies, *Be Chreeft, I had a dear Friand did drink so much Braundy, he did fall asleep, and be Chreeft, when he awaked he wash deed, yesh, indede.*

22. A certain Nobleman having a Servant of *Teagueland*, whom he loved very well, and would intrust him with his Plate, and made him his Butler: This Fellow continued honest a while, but having occasion to drink with one of his Countrymen, wanted Money to entertain him abroad. Having thought of several Ways to get some, those did not please him; at last he took one of his Master's Dishes, which was Silver, (as his Lord us'd nothing else) and found out a Way  
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to cut out his Master's Coat of Arms from the Plate, and threw the rest down the Vault, because it should not be seen to accuse him of his Theft: When he had so done, he and his Friend went to the Alehouse, and having drunk plentifully, the aforesaid Butler called to the People to change his Money, and gave this Piece to them, which was about the Bigness of a Half Crown; the People refus'd it, and said it was none of the King's Coin. *Be me Shoul*, said *Mac*, *it ish a vary good hault Croon, and I will go and chaunge it*; so being near his Lord's House, he went home and shew'd it to one of my Lord's Gentlemen, and said, *Dear Joy, predee geve me two Shillings and Sixe-pence for this hault Croown?* The Gentleman answered, *How, sirrah!* This is my Lord Duke's Coat of Arms! *Po, po, po, po, Jey!* *O me Shoul, dere is de King on Horsheback, it ish a very good hault Croown.* But the Duke being acquainted with the Passage, examin'd *Mac* where he had it. *Be me Shoul*, said his Servant, *thou disht put hault Croowns upon dy Plate, and I had Occassion for to mauke use of one with me Countryman, and I did tauke it from dy Plate.* The Lord said, *You Rogue, where is the rest of the Plate?* *Po, po, Jey, be Chreest dere ish no more hault Croons upon it, it ish good for noting, O me Shoul, I did sling de rest in the House of Office.* Oh, Villain! said the Nobleman, do you use these Rogueries? I thought you very honest. *O me Shoul, dear Jey, be not aungry, says the Teague-lander, here ish dy hauf Croon, and I will fetch dee de rest of dy Plate, if dou cansht mauke more hauf Croons upon it.*

23. A certain Nobleman having one of these Macs to his Servant, sent him to his Drugster for some *Sarsaparilla*, for his Lord did boil it with some other Ingredients, and drink it as *Tea*. The  
 Servant

Servant went to the Drugster's, and said, my Master must have some saucy Fellow *from this Shop*; the Master of the Shop examined his Men, who of them had affronted my Lord, that he should send in this Manner? But his Servants denied that they ever gave Occasion to my Lord to be angry. Whereupon the Master going along with the Lord's Servant, to beg Pardon or Excuse, if any Thing had disliked his Lordship; and as soon as his Man returned, the Lord asked him for the *Sarsaparilla*? the Servant reply'd, *here is de Master of the Shop, I have brought him wid me.* You Rogue, said the Gentleman, I bade you bring some *Sarsaparilla*: *Be Chreesht*, says the Servant, *dere is no saucy Fellow dere*: At which both Lord and the Drugster laughed heartily at the Ignorance of the Fellow; the Master returned Home and sent the *Sarsaparilla* by his Man.

24. Another Virtuoso of *Teagueland*, being invited to a Venison Pasty, after he had fed very well, and satisfied himself; he came among his Friends and Countrymen in the Evening, and as they were drinking, one began to talk what a rare Dinner he had this Day, and another told his Entertainment. At last the Virtuoso that had din'd with the Pasty, said, *Be Chreesht I did dine with a Venison Pasty, it is true, but O my Shoul! when it was first cut up, dere did come such an Echo from it, was ready to strike me down*; some Moderns call it a Hogo.

25. Two certain *Teaguelanders* consulted together how they might raise their Fortunes, and to get Money, one of them had observed some-body burning of Gold and Silver Lace, and intended to make a Trial of them upon gilded Leather; so he imparted this to his Comrade, *Dear Foy, says he, you must assist me; dere is in such a Plauce, a Room with gilt Leather, we vill cut away the guilt Leather, and burn it, and in fait we vill be marry*  
 E with

*with de Money we mauke of it*: They both put their Resolution in Praëctice, and did spoil a whole Room of that Furniture, and went away with it to have it burn'd; so they us'd an Alehouse near their Master's House, where they call'd for a Faggot and burnt it, and did put the gilt Leather in the Fire; having drunk a Pot or two, by that Time the Fire and Leather was consumed, so they got a Broom and swept up Ashes and all together, and then searched for the Gold that should come from the Leather; at last, both of them being impatient, having raked a pretty while, and could find nothing, the one said to the other, *Be Chreesht I cano find de Gold, thou hast stole de Gold*. Says the other, *O me Shoul! dou art a lying Rogue, dou hasht rob'd me of me Part and stole it away*. At these Words they were hot at it, that at last, with the Noise and Fury of these *Teaguelanders*, the Master came to part them, and found they had been burning of gilded Leather, to get the Gold from it, so he discovered from whence they stole it, and the poor *Teaguelanders* had the gentle Lash for it.

26. A certain *Teaguelander* being upon his Journey, in his Way, chanced to light upon a small Pig. Says he to the Pig, *Little Pig, will you come and stay with me a Month?* The Pig said, *A Week, a Week, a Week, a Week, four Times*. Then *be Chreesht*, says *Mac*, *that is a Month; for four Weeks mauke a Month*. But poor *Teague* was taken for stealing the Pig, and carry'd before a Justice: And *Mac* did say, *Mr. Justice, O my Shalvation! the Pig did promise to live with me a Moneth, but if the Man will have him sooner, here is the Pig for him*.

27. Another of the same Country, happened to the Service of a very honest Gentleman, who was much pleas'd with his Servant's Talk. But his Master one Time sent him to receive Forty Pounds, and to bring it to him to such a Place, if he should



not be at home. Now *Mac* had been very just and faithful in several Services his Master had employ'd him in many Times before, and his Master did not doubt him in this Affair; however *Mac* goes according to his Master's Order, and receives the Forty Pounds. Poor *Mac* never saw the like before; and having receiv'd the Money, resolv'd to run away with it to his own Country: But withall, he would go home first, to take some of his Linnen, and other Things with him, which he was not willing to leave behind, little thinking to meet his Master there. When poor *Mac* came into the House, the first he met with was his Master? Said his Master, How now, *Mac*, hast thou receiv'd the Money I sent thee for? At which being surprized, *Mac* could not presently answer: Says his Master, Why don't you tell me, Sirrah, whether you have receiv'd the Money? Said *Mac*, *The Devil tauke thee and thy Money too.* Said the Master, Why so angry, *Mac*? Says *Mac*, *A Plague tauke thee and thy Money too, I say; and there is thy Money, and the Devil tauke it.* Prethee, why so angry? said the Master. Says *Mac*, *Be Chreesht, when I had receiv'd thy Money, the Devil did tempt me to run away with it; yesh indeed, but my Conscience came behind me, and fetch'd me back again; and so the Devil tauke thee and thy Money too.* Why, *Mac*, where would you have run with it? O my Shoul, quoth *Mac*, *into mine own Country, in Mac-land.* Then, said the Master, I wou'd have follow'd you thither, and put you in Prison. *Po po po po, Joy, be Chreesht, if thou hast come there, thou should'st have been my Man.*

28. One *Barnewell* of *Dunbrough* in *Teagueland*, being a young Man, and his Father having a very handsome Maid Servant in his House: the Son had a great Mind to lie with her, and upon a certain Time when he went to the Priest to confession, among the rest of his Sins, did confess to his Fa-

ther Fryer that he longed to lie with the Maid, but he never did attempt it. The Priest told him it was a great Sin nevertheless; for, said the Priest, thou hast committed Fornication in thy Heart, because thou didst lust after her, and therefore thou must do Pennance for this, for it is an Abomination. So the Priest enjoyn'd young *Barnewell* to go thirty Miles to a certain Church, and there to pray, and that he must go thither and come back barefoot, to expiate his Crime: Which poor *Barnewell* was forced to do, because he would not disoblige his own Father, but he was so gall'd and lam'd, and his Feet so sore in the Performance thereof, that he vowed Revenge upon the Priest. And it fell out, that upon a certain Day, a little after his Pennance, as *Barnewell* was looking about and plowing some Ground which his Father had gave him, he espy'd the Priest's Mare looking into an Oat Field of his, but could not get to it; *Barnewell* called his Man, and said to him, *Dost thou not see the Priest's Mare yonder looking into my Field of Oats, be Chreeft, the Maure does lust after my Oats, and I will maake the Maure doe Pennance for it*: So *Barnewell* and his Man caught the Priest's Mare, and opened an old stinking Pigeon-house Door, and put the Mare in. The Priest, the next Day, having occasion for his Mare; could not find her, and sent all about to enquire after her, but could near no Tidings; this continued about five Days; the Priest then meeting with a Smith, who was a Neighbour to *Barnewell*, ask'd him concerning his Mare; the Smith told him, he did believe *Barnewell* had play'd a Trick with the Mare, because he vow'd, said the Smith, to be reveng'd upon you for making him do Pennance; said the Priest, I have search'd all about *Barnewell's* House and Ground, but I cannot find her. The Smith reply'd, Father, have you searched the

the Pigeon-house? *No be me Shoul, said the Priest.* Then the Smith and the Priest searched the Pigeon-house, and there found the Mare almost starved and chop-fall'n. The Priest complained to *Barnewell's* Father of his Roguery; at which the old Man began to reprove his Son, and said, Thou great Rogue, why doest thou do such Things to the holy Man; his Son answered him, *On my Shoul, Father, he did mauke me doe Pennance because I did confesse to him I had a Mind to lie with the Maid, and he did tell me I did lust after her, tho' I did not lie with her, and be Chreest did mauke me go thirty Miles barefoot, and my Feet are sore to this Day, and his Mare did lust after my Oats, tho' she did not eat any, therefore I thought the Mare should do Pennance because she did look and lust after my Corn?*

29. A great Debate happened between a *French* Footman, and an *Irish* Footman, which of their Countries was most fertile: The Monsieur said to the other, we have such rich Grasse in *Brittany*, *dat* begar it will grow over *de Horse Legs* in *won Night*, *begar.* And *be Shaint Holly-Head*, replied the other, we have *shuch* fruitful Grounds in *Ireland*, *daat* if *dee mauke* put in *dy Horshe* into *de Field* at *Neet*, *de caunst* not mauke find *dy Horshe* in *de Morning*, in *fait.*

30. *Will* (who was Footman to Sir *H—*) meeting with *Mac*, who was in the same Quality with *Esq; F—*. Says *Will*, how the Pox didst thou come by that broken Face, *Mac*? Hast thou been in the Wars; or hath some Female scratcht thee? *No be Shaint Antonie*, replied *Mac*, *I will* tall *dee indede*, *I did* go and mauke debauch wid *shem* of *me COUNTRYMANS*; aund *whan* I did *shee* I *vash* *sho* *dronke* *daat* I could not go nor *shtand*, I did run Home *ash* *fasht* as I cou'd drive *indede*; and *be de Mash* I did *faul* *ashleep* in *de Shtreet* by the way, aund did mauke  
great



great breake upon me Faush wid de fall, and de Vaatchmans did tauke me up, and caury me Home indede. What in the Devil's Name is all this, says Will? Thou cou'dst not go nor stand, and yet didst run Home, and yet fell dead drunk in the Way, and were carried Home! why faith, Mac, this is very astonishng.

31. A dear Joy that had waited on a Gentleman into Holland, told some of his Comrades, that the P. of O. lived at a very great and splendid Rate, for that, I have seen, said he, be Chreest tree or four second Courses carried up to his Tauble at vone Dinner, in fait, noow, la.

32. Bryan having been sent of an Errant to a Gentleman's House in the Country, fell deeply in Love with a Welch Maid, who belonged to the Kitchen there; sometime after he met a Footman belonging to the same Gentleman; Bryan desired him to tauke a Pot of Drink vid him, for a Quarter of an Hour, vile he did mauke Request to shom Skrivishner to write a Letter for him to Ursula; which being done, be me Shoul I did pray him to send it upon Ursula by the Vaaterman indede.

### The LETTER.

Shweet Mrs. Ursula,

**B**e de ham of me Moddarsh Smock, aund be owl de Usquebah daat vash drunk at my Fader'sh Vedding; de Deevil tauke me indede, but I be shu much in Lose vid der, daat I cannot go to Bed owl the long Night for sleeping upon de; aund I cannot be upon vaaking, but the Deevil tauke me, I do fall upon dreaming consbarnng thy shweet shelfe indede; daan do I tink, vaat is the Maatre? vaat is the Maatre vid mine awn shelfe? Aund I do feend it is eat for much Love consbarneng der, in fait: Be me

me Shalwafshion I will tall dee vaat I will do indede;  
 I will put kish upon dy Faush indede, and I will be  
 for mauking Child upon dy Body indede, aund I will  
 mauke a great del more consbarning de, dan dyne own  
 Moddar in fait. Noow de Deevil tauke de Fashion,  
 daat van two yong Cople of Man and Voman be for  
 coming togaddar vid on anodder, daat dare musht be  
 mauking upon the great Sherimony of de Presht, and  
 aul de People to mauke Witness upon it: Be me  
 Shoul I will not mauke staying sho long; but I wil  
 be dyne Husband vidout aul daat now, aund be  
 Shaint Pautrick, I will love dee like auny Ting in-  
 deed. I will shend to Tredagh for mine Moddar's  
 tree Goats, four Sheep, one filly Mare, and the  
 tauny Coow, aund vee will be for mauking a Dawy  
 in Lincolns-Inn-Fields be Chreest; aund ve will  
 mauke Butter and Cheese, aund Eggs, and shell our  
 shelves into Plauce, aund Conferrment every Day, in-  
 dede. And vee will shing Curds aund Crame be Chreest,  
 aund Butter aund Eggs, Bony-Clabber, aund Tiff,  
 untel de Coow shall have Cause, de Maure shall have  
 Colt, de Goats shall have Kidd, and Ursulah shall  
 hawve Child indede; aund dan vee will shet up House-  
 kepin aund be for livein aul togadder, be Chreest,  
 as it is de Fashion in mine awn Country, in fait.  
 Noow de Deevil tauke me, dear Joy, dou shaut be  
 for sending Aunswer to vaat I hawve sent dee by de  
 Shrivishnar; aund if de vilt mete me to morrow  
 Morning at Four of de Clock in de Austerneons, aut  
 de Hole in de Vaal, vee will go to bed aund be maw-  
 rry'd presantly indede, viddout de Charge of de Ved-  
 ding, aund de Priests fese, be Chreest, aund vee will  
 put de grate Chete upon our Parentsh, aund be me  
 Shoul vee will be mawried, dear Joy; aund none  
 Body shaul be vysber for it indede; aund bring at  
 such disbtansh daat I cannot come to put kish upon dy  
 shweet Faush, I will put a Hoondrad Kishes upon dist  
 Pauper;

*Pauper, and send me Sharvish, aund me Affuccion  
to dee indede, and on me Shalwashion I vill alwash be,*

*Dine owne dear Joy,*

BRYAN.

*I have geeven de Vaaterman Shixpensch to bring  
it to de, to shawe de Charge of the Penny-  
Posht in fait.*

The Waterman was punctual, and put the Letter in *Ursulah's* own Hand the same Evening, telling her he had it from her sweet Heart; at which she smiled like a firmity Kettle. When the Waterman was gone, she shews her Letter to the Butler to read it for her; but, you must know, under an Obligation of Secrecy. He made a Shift to unriddle the Mark at the Bottom, but for the rest, it was as unintelligible to him as the Original *Welch*, or the unbaptized Characters of *Arabia*; therefore they concluded it to be some very learned Language, and it was agreed to desire the Chaplain to read it; Sir *John* was almost gravell'd at the first Sight, but after some Consideration he made shift to expound it, and to enlarge upon the Point: Telling the Audience (who were composed of the Valet de Chamber, the Butler, my Lady's Woman (who ought to have been named first) two Foot-men, the Coach-man, and three or four Servants of the Kitchen;) That, tho' the Letter in itself particularly considered, with respect to the Hand-Maid therein mentioned, and to whom it did immediately relate, favoured of nothing but a profound *Love* and sincere *Affection*; (*Looking meltingly upon my Lady's Woman, and fetching a Sigh*;) yet some Passages therein contained, looked as black as the *Powder-Plot*; and carried a deep  
Con-



*Conspiracy* in them, and that against the whole Body of the *national Clergy*; which will prove worse, Madam (speaking to my Lady's Woman) than a *Toleration*; and it is plain that the Atheistical Part of Men entertain these Varlets in perfect Spleen to the *Ministry*. What, to be robbed of their comfortable importance Fees! (*Alas!* Sir, says my Lady's Woman, looking languishing upon the Chaplain) *I say* to be deprived of the sweet and standing Revenue, entailed upon our *Function*, as long as the People shall think fit to copulate according to modern *Institution*: It is a— *I say* it is a down-right, diametrical Contradiction to our *Establishment*; which I will prove in nineteen, or twenty Particulars; humb! humb!

Just as he was going to hold forth, the Gentleman of the House came Home, and crossing the Room where this grave Assembly were, hey da, says he, what's here, a *Conventicle*? No, a'nt please you Sir (replied my Lady's Woman) here is, a'nt please you Sir, such a Discovery of a Design upon *Ministry*, by a Letter from an *Irishman* to one of the Kitchen Maids, that if it be not prevented, a'nt please you, the *Function* will fall to the Ground. Well said, Betty, said the Gentleman, stand up for the Clergy, or thou wilt lose thy Copy-hold.

The Gentleman got into the Parlour to his Lady, called for the Chaplain, and the Letter, which being read, he could hardly contain to hear the Comedy out; but that which most pleased him, was the Parson's *Exposition*, and *Notes* thereon. Betty (all the while) stood by my Lady's Chair, touching and whispering my Lady at every Clause; Well, Madam, this is a dangerous Design against the Clergy. The Gentleman (being loth to lose the further Diversion that might be improved upon so comical a *Plot*) bid the Chaplain provide to go with him to the Ci-

ty to-morrow, and to have the Letter with him; and he would take Care to see the *Irishman* taken to Account for his Design upon the Clergy. Sir *John* was somewhat pacify'd with this, and in Token thereof tip'd a Wink on Mrs. *Betty*.

The next Day the Gentleman met his Friend (the Master of *Bryan* in *London*, at the Coffee-house) and told him all the Story of his Man's Letter, the Chaplain's *Notes* thereon, and the Sport it had been to himself, and his Lady, and that the Parson and Letter were both in Town. His Friend reply'd, that he was much pleas'd with the Conceit of it; and that he would have him and the Chaplain dine at his House. The Gentleman accordingly sent for his Chaplain, and they meet at his Friend's at Dinner. The Love-letter was produc'd, and *Bryan* call'd, *coram nobis*. The Chaplain read the Indictment, by explaining the Letter; and *Bryan* was examined upon the *Premises*. *Be Gbreesht, dear Foy* (says he to his Master) *Now de Deevil tauke me if dish Priest be not de deevilish Shon of a Hoor, to mauke all dish Treasbon upon me dan. Vat Plotsh ish it to tall the Maid, we will be marry'd? Ha! be Shaint Pautrick it ish shuch a damn Ting waore deshe Parsons do come into de House, dare ish be no Quiet in Fait. Daare ish something beshides daat mauke me put Consbiderashon upon dee indede, aund daat ish, in Fait, to mauke hanging upon me indede, aund daan dee vilt mauke Marriage upon mine Shweet-heart, mine Urshulah, indede; aund I will mauke Shware upon dee, daat dee vash stéal my Lettre oout of mine Shweet-heartsh Pocketsh: Aund dee vilt marry mine Urshulah, aund put me upon mauke kill upon me shelf for Love indede: Whoo! whoo! who! poo! Be Shaint Pautrick, I will mauke Petishion for dy Plaush noow, aund mauke dee be put out of dy Chaplainsh Commission, aund dan I will mauke ride away vid all de Veemen*  
mine

mine awne shelf; be Chreesht, aund dee sha't hang dy shelf before Urshula will love dee. Some Strangers coming in to make a Visit, put a Period to the rest of the Comedy.

33. It was in *Flanders* that a certain *Boglander*, who was of the Army there, happened to be very much smitten with the Daughter of an Inhabitant at *Brussels*: The young Gentlewoman was a zealous Frequenter of Mattins and Vespers; where he had often Opportunity to see her, and consequently to be the more captivated; but it was impossible for him to get Admittance to her, to make known the Violence of his Passion, because of the vast Distance their different Fortunes had put between them. He therefore made frequent Orisons, and was almost perpetually rattling over his Beads, thumping his Breast, and using all the Demonstrations of a very fervent Devotion, insomuch that a certain Boy who belonged to one of the Fathers, had often observed him to pay his Adorations to one particular Shrine, and (by Degrees) understood the *Business* which put him upon those frequent Addresses. It was all for *Love*, forsooth; it was the *Heat* of his *Passion*, that begat that of his *Devotion*: All his Applications were made to the Figure of a Lady with a Child in her Arms; whom he earnestly besought to incline the *Idol* of his Thoughts to answer his Inclinations with a reciprocal *Passion*; and to be so propitious as to favour his Love with a fortunate Minute, wherein he might discover the Violence of that irresistible Flame, the Rays of her Beauty had kindled in him; with Abundance of such rhetorical Bombast which he had pick'd (it's like) out of *Wit's Common-wealth*, or the *Academy of Compliments*; but still accented and pronounced in the Tone of *Dear-Joy-Land*, interlarded with a World of *O bone's! hoo! hoo! poo's*, and the like; one would have thought enough to



have melted down a Lady of Marble. But though it obtained not the desired Effect, our Soldier knew not how to despair, but daily repeated his Addresses, and renewed his Vows to the obdurate Shrine. The Boy before mentioned, had one Day placed himself behind the Statue, and that so advantagiously, that the Soldier did not observe him; but with a *Tone* and *Gesture* very pitiful, was heard to express himself to this Purpose:

*Deceit take me, dear Joy, I have come a maunty Timesh indede to mauke Shuplicaushion to dee, and I can never get one Word from dee in fait; now be his Holynesh's Slipper, I tinke it ish vary hard indede, date de shoudsh ushe a-body after such Fashion, be Chreesht; vaat dosht dee be in dish Plauce for, if de wilt not be sho shivil to mauke Answer, vaan I speake to dee indede? daat I do sha me Haurt is amosht broke to Peeches in fait, dare is no mauking Belief in any body at all be Chreesht, and de beesht sho hard-baurted, daat if I do come to dee every Day indede, dee wilt shay noting at aul to me in fait: Aund ish not dish vary hard now? Yesb be Shaint Pautrick, it ish indede: And yet v'rall dat I musht be for coming to dee again, to mauke Shuplicashions upon dee, daat I may ondershstand if she will be mauking Love upon me, or no be Chreesht, aund if I shaul mauke Maurage upon her indede? No, no, says the Boy behind the Picture; at which dear Joy was in a very great Discontent, and could hardly forbear falling into a Fumigation; but a little recollecting, he proceeded: Noow, I prathes, dear Joy, let that shame pratty little Child hold his Tongue, shpake to me vid dine own Lipsh indede; vaat dosht dee shay now, shaull I aver come to Bed to daat pratty Voman, daat I wash speaking to dee about? aund upon me Shalwashion indede, I will be for mauking Prayer to dee sho long ash I live, be Chreesht: No, no, I say, (says the Boy again) thou shalt never have*

have her. *Daan de Deevil tauke me if aver I do mauke Prayers upon dee any more, be me Shoul, I will go aund mauke hang upon me shalfe noow; aund de sha't never sbe me faush auny more in fait noow, aund sho fare dee vall, dear Joy, indede.* At which he marcht out of the Church in great Indignation, and the Boy was ready to burst with the Thoughts how he had imposed upon poor *Boglander*.

34. A dear Joy being arraigned for stealing a Mare, and the Evidences making Oath, they saw him lead her out of the Ground, he was at length asked, what he could say for himself? *Now de Deevil tauke me in fait, says he, but heare ish de great-esht Parshel of Lawyers daat aver vash in the World; vor upon my Shalwashion, dear Joy, I did but tauke de end of de Bridle in fait, and the devilish Jade came after indede, aund I vash loat to cut off de End of de Bridle; aund be Chreesht if dee dosht mauke haung upon it, dare well be an End of me Generashion indede, for me Vaadar, me Grandfar, me great Grandfar, and two Broddarsh vash all haung'd for shomtimesh after anodder, shom vash for finding of Coush, shom for Sheepsh, and shom for mauking Murder be Chreesht, aund de Deevil tauke de Envan-shion of Hampe in fait, for ish mauke Destrushion upon all me Vaadarsh Family indede. And be Shaint Pautrick, if dee dosht mauke putting the haung upon me, I will navar mauke forget of it indede, La.*

35. Dear Joy passing thro' a Market in London, and having a Mind to some of the brave Joints he saw for Dinner, repairs to a Butcher's-Stall; and asking the Price of a large Loyn of *Veal*, he was told, five Shillings: *Bee mee Shoul, dear Joy, says Patrick, tat ish a creat deel fery mush to deare; but mee will geeve de Shixteen of his Majesty's Grauces Farthings; and bee Shaint Patrick, Joy, mee tinke dat bee a creat deal:* The Butcher, perceiving his Ignorance, shew'd him a Sheep's-head; telling him,  
he

he might have that at the Price; at which he seem'd satisfy'd, and, laying down the Farthings, took up the Sheep's-head to be gone with it: *But* (turning again to the Butcher) *I shall entreat dee to do mee de Favour, to do mee de Kindnesse, ash to tell mee how it must bee drest noow, or else I cannot tell wat to doe wit it, Joy?* With all my Heart, quoth the Butcher, and calling for Pen, Ink and Paper, writ down the Receipt:

*To drest the Fore-quarter of Mutton.*

Take 6 Cabbage-Stumps,  
10 Mushrooms,  
20 Potatoes,  
7 or 8 Leeks,  
4 Ounces of Tobacco,  
1 Pint of Oat-meal,  
1 Pound of *Irish Butter*:

Boil all till it be enough, and serve it up. *Noow bee Chreesht, and bee Shaint Pautrick, I tanke dee vid all mee Heart noow: whan wee meet in de Parke, I will geeve dee a whole Farthing-worth of Ginger-Bread, or what dee shault weel of now; And so put the Note in his Pocket. But as dear Joy was marching off with his Mutton, a Dog that waited about the Shambles, takes hold of it; whereat dear Joy e'en let it go: Some Standers-by (thinking he came by it by Chance) call'd out to him, you have lost your Dinner, the Dog is gone away with your Dinner. But, dear Joy comforting himself with the Thoughts of his Receipt, reply'd to them: *And bee mee Shoul, e'ne let him tauke it, dee see; for dee Dee'l a bit knows bee what to doe to drest it; I have dee Receipt in mee awne Pocquet, indede!**



36. Some of the Natives of *Bog-land* walking one Day by the *Mall*, and perceiving some Trees cut down that stood near the Wall, great Debate arose what should be the Meaning of it; at length, quoth one of them, *Now de Dee'l e'ne tauke mee, if it should not bee e'ne, because dey shoud not hender de growing of de Waull, now!*

37. A certain Nobleman gave his Footman a Letter to deliver to a Gentleman of his Acquaintance; but he coming to the House, seeing the Door fast, and an Ape sitting on the Bench, with a Cloak and long Breeches, fairly delivers *Pug* the Letter; saying, *I wou'd pray dee to do me de Kindnesb, as to do me de Fauvour, to give dish shame Letter to dy Maufter when he comes home; and I shall be glad to dreinke a Bottle of Weine wid dee, indede noow, at another Time: And so takes his Leave of him. At his Return, his Lord ask'd him how the Gentleman did, and whether he deliver'd him the Letter? No be me Fait (quoth Diego) I did not see him, but I gawe de Letter to my Countreyman at de Dore. What then, said the Lord, hath he a Countryman of yours for a Footman? Ish indeed bath he, dear Joy (reply'd he) and he ish my awne Coushen; I saw his Mantle and Brogues, indeed.*

38. Another of the Sparks coming one Evening by an Ox-cheek-woman; *I prethee (saith he) wilt thoo not cut mee out some of thee Roast-meet? I wilt pay dee for it in Fait. How much will you please to have, Sir? (quoth the Woman) So taking out a Farthing, he reply'd, As mush as dee wilt spare for dish. Away, you Rapeskallion, quoth she, d'ye think I steal my Cheek? Noow de Dee'l tauke mee, for dee now, reply'd he, if dee bee'st not de great Son of a Hoor noow; for ye can buy a Cow in oure Countree for a Noble, and dee wilt not shell me a little Peeesh of her Fauce for a Farthing: Noow de Dee'l tauke dee now.*

39. *Donnel* was preferr'd from being a Skip, to marry my Lady's Chambermaid, and receiv'd 50 Pounds in Consideration of a crack'd Pitcher, which he took for her honest Portion : About three Weeks after, the Bride was deliver'd of a Child ; and, *Donnel* being at his Master's House, the Lady told him, She did not think him to have been such an active Man, to have a Child so soon : *Be me Shawl, me dear Lawdy*, reply'd he, *and why shou'dst dee tink me fush a Fumbler, when me owne Mother was brought to Bed of mee two Months before she was marry'd : In Fait noow, I shou'd have thought me Peggy had been barren, if she had not kidded in three Weeks after.*

40. One was pursu'd for stealing a Silver-hilted Sword ; and, being seized by the Beadle and the Rabble, was carry'd to the Round-house : Said the Prisoner to the Beadle ; *Noow, upon me Fait, I will put great Kindnesb upon dee, if thoo wilt doe me de Fawvour to doe me Friendship to speake to de Constable's Grace, not to make a Rogue of mee ; and dee shat hawve me Plaush upon me Petishon.* I beg your Pardon, said the Beadle, for I never knew he that was born a Rogue, could be made otherwise.

41. A Native of *Teague-land* passing by, when several Gentlemen were looking on a new-built House, and saying, it was of the *Italian* Fashion. *I prethee tell me, dear Shoul now*, quoth he to one of them, *and I pray dee, where was it built, in England ?* No, no ! said one of the Gentlemen, merrily, It was built in *Venice*, and the *Cham* of *Tartary* sent it over upon a Caravan, drawn by White Bears. *De Dee'l tauke me noow*, quoth *Teague*, *if dish be not soe great a Miracle, ash Shaint Loretto.*

42. A Gentleman going down into the Country in his own Coach, it happen'd the Horses tired, and he was forced to put into an Inn, which by no Means he approv'd of : One of the Footmen, being a Native, came to the Coachman, telling him, *Dat be Chreesht, his Mauster was resolv'd not to lye in dat Inn; and dat it would bee de best Way, to drive de Coach onward before, and de Horses might come after de next Day, when dey had rested.*

43. One had brought over five or six Cows, and an hundred of Sheep, being the Fortune of his Family, and resolv'd to petition the King for a Place in his Guards; but, his Request not being granted at first, he concluded, it was because of the Meanness of his Habit; and therefore laid out all his Stock in a Suit *A-la-mode*; and so again presents himself at Court: But was then told, *If his Petition were deny'd when he was a Beggar, he had little Reason to expect it should be granted now he had so little need of it.*

44. Perhaps it might be the same Teaguelander who (fearing that a Shower that fell might spoil his gay Trappings) called for a Chair; but the arch Chairman, knowing his Quality, plac'd him in a Chair without a Bottom: and so, between leading and driving, he was fain to pass thro' all the Dirt in the Streets, until he came to his Lodging; and then gave them a Shilling Beveridge, for his first being carry'd in a Chair: But coming into the House, new Shoon, and Stockings in a nasty Pickle; *Bee Shaint Patrick, said he, and bee all de Ghostly Panthers, I tinke de English bee very much unkind to himselfe, to bee carry'd in a Chair a-Foot, when dey may ride in de Dart an Horsback.*

45. Two walking in St. James's-Park, when all the Lime-Trees were in Blossom; Quoth one to the other, *Noow upon my Life, shweet Joy, it will bee brauve Passtime to walk here ven all de Nuts shall*



*be ripe: I shall wish me to be a Squirrel vid all me Shoul, to crack upon every Bough: Den shall de Vives dat keeps de Twopenny Ordinary's haung demselves in de Dee'l's Name.*

46. Two Irish Soldiers, and two Scots, being together in an Ale-house; amongst other Discourse, one of the Scots happen'd to admire that one of his Officers should be turn'd Catholick; saying, he knew not any Thing that could perswade a Man to leave the Protestant Religion for that; whereupon one of the dear Joys, after much Clamour and Hubbub, drew his Sword, and attempted the Scot; he in the mean Time, not only defended himself, but worsted the Irishman, whilst the other two fairly stood Spectators; At length, the Noise brought the Master of the House into the Room; whereupon Teague began to accuse his Brother Irishman; swearing upon his Shalwasbion, hee was an Enemy to Ghreesht and Shaint Pautrick, and dat he will put de Sweare upon de Scotchman for speaking Treason: Whereupon his Friend, and the other declared, there had not one Word passed about the Government: But Teague return'd to rave and swear, Bee de Mush, (and what else his Education suggested) hee will put de swear upon all of dem; for in fait, if nothing was spoken againsht de King's Majesty's Grauce; yet vash dere very great Treashon againsht de Papish.

47. Two Natives seeing a Gentleman, (newly come over from France) wearing a rich Mazarine Blue-cloth Coat, well trimmed and made; quoth one to the other, upon mee Live and mee Shalwasbion, ysh not dat a veery prety Mantle? I woud put great Kindnesht upon any dear Love, dat shall bee sho kinde to be sho shivil, as to put such Kindnesht upon mee noow: Ay, quoth the other, If I could get a Scarlet one of dat Culler, it vill very mush help to get us into Plausbes, dear Joy.

48. Another

48. Another having, for some special Service, received some Guineas, and making shew of them to some of his old Fellow Natives in the Country; they were much smitten with the tempting Lustre, and wisht themselves Sharers of such Rarities. *Bee Shaint Pautrick*, says he, *I tinke dey musht bee ve-ry Fooles, dat will stay at Home in Dublin, in want of shush Mony: Dee'l tauke mee, if dey be not soe plenty in London, dat I cannot resheive thirty or forty Shilling widout tauking seaven or eight of them, yesh indee, noow.*

49. An Irish Piper travelling in the Woods, was beset by three Wolves; and to discharge himself of that Fear, he threw the Scraps he had to one and the other; but his Store was soon spent, and they came near upon him; at which he began to play on his Pipe, and they all soon fled; upon which, quoth he, *Bee Chreesht, if I had known yee had loved Pipeing so weell, I would e'ne haue saued mee Dinner.*

50. A Dear Joy having been on a Time advance'd from skipping over the Bogs, to ride on Horse-Back; his Footman followed, smoothing the Horse on the Buttocks with his Hand; at which the Jade kicked him on the Shins; the Footman enrag'd threw a Stone at the Horse, and hit his new Master smartly betwixt the Shoulders; who suddenly looking back, demanded, *Whaat ish de Matter?* His Man reply'd, holding his Leg, Sir, your Horse hath almost broken my Leg, with the Kick he gave me: *Noow de Dee'l tauke mee,* reply'd he, *if he haue not a-mosht broke me Back, with de Kick bee gave mee betwixt de Shoulder, and if it cause mee Death within twelve Months and a Day, I will e'ne see him hang'd for it, indee.*

51. Patrick meeting Bryan in the Park: *Dosht dou not seee,* Bryan, quoth he, *what veery feen and prouper Man aune Country-men bee? here ish at*

least two or three score waulking in dee Park; and be Chreeft, dey be shuft leek dee high Treefe against dee low Treefe; doe they not looke very fit for dee Plaushes? Yeesb, by mee Shaul doe dey, replied Bryan; aund I undershtand dat dee Black-Guard haue noe Generall put upon dem all dish while; aund bee Chreeft, I will mauke Petition upon dee King's Grace, to bee mauke Generall of dee Black-Guard. Pretbee, deare Bryan, vaat ish dat Guard? said the other. Whe by Shaint Pautrick, Joy, answered he, It ish dee Guard over hish Majestyes Grom's Horsbes; aund dat ish mush beeter dan to ride a-foot, indede. Ay, but, replied the other, I will pray for dee Shaul whan dou art dead indede, if dee wilt put mee upon dee Petition, to be a Duke, and a Capitaine of a Foot-Company in dee Horsb-Guards, mee Joy; dat will be brave, indede. Pox on you, for a Couple of buffle-headed Coxcombs, said a Centinel, that stood by, ye are tall Fellows indeed, and fit to be exalted in high Places; what a Devil are ye? but like high built Houses, That, however the low Rooms are furnisb'd, are sure to have empty Garrets.

52. Come Bryan, said Dennis, I will tall dee, bee mee Shoul, I haue been at hish Majesty's Grace, dee Earl of Tyrconnel, aund haue great Kindnesb put upon mee, aund vee will goe, dear Joy, to dee Coffee-house, aund bee mee Shoul, I haue eight half Crowne-Fardings, aund we will mauke drinke upon a Pipe of Tobacco, aund smooke upon a Dish of Coffee.

53. There is doubtless an Inclination to Supremacy in every Mortal; and upon that Account, Dannel was resolv'd to ride Admiral over his Harlot, who had been some forsaken Jilt, and had cast and foil'd many a Rider. A great Dispute arose between these two, over a twopenny Treat of stinking Herrings, and mouldy Cheese, upon a Festival-day: Dam yee, for a Bish, said he, haue I not



*I not been dese nine Moneth putting upon Petisbion for get plaush, aund haue put wash — upon dee Boody, aund Reputation for mee aune deare Conco-bine, aund canst doo proweed noe batter Entertene-ment for a prouper Man? I sall be forced to put Chastisement upon de Boody, aund mauke dee know batter whant ish dee Duety to dee Mauster. Out, you lousie bog-trotting Skipp, said she, thou mightst haue starv'd, if I had not provided for thee; and dost thou now begin to huff, in hopes of a Place? Marry troop up, bonny-clapper. At which Bayonet gives her a Cut over the Fingers; Hoo, hoo, hoo, bee Chreest, dear Joy, dou best a damm Son of a Whoore, be Chreest; but I tink, dere ish an are marke for dee; aund if dat bee not Satisfaction to put stop upon dee haush Toungue, bee Shaint Pautrick, I sall give dee Breakfast before dee goe to Bede, indeed.*

54. Dennis was Footman to a great Duke of the English Nation; who had often observ'd him to have an abounding Ignorance, like other Teague-landers: It was resolv'd one Afternoon to make Tryal of his Talent, and there being an Effigy made ready, and dress'd in the Duke's Cloaths, Dennis was suddenly call'd into the Room, to go quickly into the Garden, and see to receive his Master, for that he was just going to cast himself out of the Chamber Window. Down goes the Footman, and the Effigy was put almost out at the Window, and taken in again, six or seven Times: At length, Dennis being concern'd that his Lord did not cast himself out all that Time, was heard to say; *Noow dee Dee'l tauke mee, if dee dosht not throw dee shelfe doune for mee: be Shaint Pautrick, if de vont come doune, den e'ne goe aund haung dee shelfe; bee Chreest, I haue catcht dee in mine Armes, noow five or six Times; and yet, dee Dee'l tauke dee, dee wilt not bee coming doune noow.* At which

which the Effigy was cast out, and fell upon Dennis's Head; *Noow dee Dee'l breake dee Neck, deare Foy*, said Dennis, *if dee hasht not killed mee dead upon dee plaush; in Faith, mee Neck ish broken upon mee Shoulder; and dee wout not shpeake upon mee, now dee Dee'l tauke dee Graush; Hoo! hoo! hoo! poo! poo! vat vill I doe? I vill e'ne haung dee up noow; aund be Chreest, dey vill tinke I haue made haung upon mee shelfe noow; yesh, be Chreest, dat vill I doe noow*. And accordingly ty'd up the Effigy to a Tree in the Garden, and presently run into the House with the shad Tydings, dat his Graush had casht himshelfe out at dee Window, aund broke Dennis's Neck; aund dee Dee'l tauke mee, but I did ran presbantly, and mauke haung mee shelfe upon a Tree in dee walke of dee Gaurden, noow; aund be Chreest, mee Heert be very shad now; dat it ish. At which the Servants ran into the Garden, and (seeing the Effigy hang on the Tree) laid hold on Dennis; telling him, that he must be hang'd for killing his Master; that they must have him committed to Prison, to be try'd the next Affizes. At which Dennis fell upon his Knees, and embraced the Legs of the Effigy; crying out in a pitiful Tone; *Noow, I would make Prayer upon dee Graush, and shpeake to Shaint Pautrick for dee, if dee wout but shpeake a Word or twa upon mee; disht dee not throw dee Graush out at the Vindow, aund breake my Neck, indede? Hoo! hoo! poo! shpeake, and I vill pray for dee Shoul, indede*. At which the Duke, and divers Gentlemen (who had all this while seen and heard the Comedy) came into the Garden, and walked to the Place where they were passing Sentence upon the Footman; at which Dennis let go the Effigy, and took hold of the Duke; crying out, *Noow dee Dee'l tauke mee, for dee; aund by all dee Shaints of my Countrey, for all I did mauke haung upon dee Graush upon this Tree,*  
aund

*aund dee beest come noow too shave mee from mauking  
dye for dee, Upon mee Shalwashion, thish bee dee  
greater Miracle, dan all in Shaint Pautrick. They  
were all mightily diverted with Dennis's Humour,  
and extremely satisfied of his Talent.*

55. One that seem'd to be a Gentleman of the same Country, coming into a Room where a late great Monarch was eating Oysters ; he was observ'd, to look very earnestly upon the King, and still as his Majesty suck'd in an Oyster, he would be sucking and licking his Lips, as if he had been likewise eating Oysters ; which a Gentleman, then in waiting, observing, he takes up one of the Oysters, and gave it the *dear Foy* ; telling him, that if he could crack that Oyster for the King, he might be advanc'd to the Place of his Majesty's Oyster-cracker : Upon this, *dear Foy* takes the Oyster between his Teeth, and made many a Grimace, and Attempt to break it, but all in vain : His Majesty was extremely pleased, having a considerable Time taken Notice of the Passage. At length, *dear Foy* return'd the Oyster to the Gentleman that had given it him, saying, *Bee Chreest, I musht pray dee to shpeake upon his Majesty's Graush, for anoder Plaush for mee ; for de Deel'l tauke mee, I hauve almosht broke mee Teeth, indede ; aund it will not come open indede, noow.*

56. Two of the aforesaid Countreymen passing along Lombard-street, and seeing great Quantities of Money upon the Compters, in the Goldsmiths Shops, said one of them to the other ; *I predee, canst dee tell mee, vaat Traude de People in dis Street be of ? for Dee'l tauke mee, if in all my Life, I have shéen soe much Mony ; I vill mauke Petishion upon hish Majesty's Graush, de D. of O. dat I may be bound Prentish to dis Traude, Foy ; aund be Shaint Pautrick, I vill vuy an Evidanshes Plaush, dat may be a livelyhood for dee aund I.*

*Bee*



Be mee Shoul, Joy, reply'd the other, I cannot tell what Fraude it ish dey be off; but I thinke, dey bee Mony-Tinkers; for Dee't tanke mee, dey haue a great many Buger-fuls of Silver-penish, Half-penish and Farthings. Then one of them casting his Eye towards the Dial, that hangs over the Street, and seeing the three winged Hour-glasses: And I predee, dear Joy, said he, what Shine is dat with so much Gould upon it? Dee't tanke me, reply'd he, but it must bee de drie flying Chamber-potsh; ish bee mee Shoul, ish it; and we may find de Pleasht again by de shine.

57. A Skip being sent to the Fishmongers for some Fish which the House-keeper had bought, in one Side of the Shop lay a Heap of living Crabs, that were going to be boy'd; our Bog-lander takes up one of them, and smells to him; but suddenly the Crab seizes him by the Nose with one of his Claws, and pinch'd him so smartly, that the Blood follow'd: The Footman made a hideous Lamentation, crying out unto Saint Patrick. Noow de Deel tanke dee, if dow dost not mauke dish Dee't let goe de handle of my Fauch noow; I predee now tanke it off from mee, or be Chreesht, I shall haue ne'er a Bit of Nose left mee. The Fishmonger's Boy, being an arch Wag, took hold of the Crab, and drew it with such Violence, that it had like to have brought off his Nose indeed; for it rended off not only some of the Skin, but part of the Flesh too. Noow, bee mee Shalwashtion, and bee all aune Country Shaints, I tanke dee wid all my Heart, dear Joy, said he to the Prentice, for if dee hadst not done mee de Favour to tanke it away from me, Shaint Pautrick woud haue let it teare mee Faush to Peices; and be Chreesht, it is great Kindnessh dee hasht done for mee, and I will tanke dee wid all my Heart, indede.

58. Noow

58. Noow, bee Shaint Bridget, and Shaint Francis, says Bryan to Dannel, looking upon the Sign of the Mermaid, newly painted, *de Dee'l tauke mee, if dish bee not one of the finesht Shignes in de World: I predee Donnel, what ish de Naume of it? Nay bee mee Shoul,* reply'd he, *noow dee Dee'l tauke mee too, if I can tinke upon it jush noow; but it musht bee de Picture of a Laudy, with a Fish at her Aurse: Bee Chreesht, dear Joy, it ish a very hantshom Voman; I woud bee glad to mauke Child upon her, vid all mee Heart, I tell dee; indee.* So they learnedly resolv'd upon the Matter.

59. A Dear Joy, that had the Reputation of a great Scholar among his Countreymen, because he could write and read; passing the Streets of the City, happen'd to read upon a Sign: *Here are Horses to be Lett, 1686. Noow be Shaint Pautrick, I will be haunged,* said he, *but dere ish more Horses in dish Town dan ish in all de World besides; for dere ish almosht two dousant in dish Houshe, and hoo many musht dere be in all de Shitty, by dat Rule!*

60. Clancard travelling through a Country Village, called to eat at an Inn; the Host told him he had nothing ready but a Dish of Plaife: Clancard was willing to put-in for a Snack: The Host put him out one of the Plaife upon a Plate: Clancard, when he had pick'd one Side of the Fish, was falling to the second Course of Bread and Cheese. The Host asked if he would eat no more of the Plaife? He reply'd, he could eat no more for the Bone. Whereupon the Host took off the Plate, and turned the other Side of the Fish uppermost; and so set it again before Clancard, who supposed it had been another Fish: *Be mee Shoul, dear Joy,* said he to the Host, *dish Fish be almosht de shame Taste vid the oder; and yet dere ish as mush Difference in de Colour, ash dere ish between White and Blauke, indee.*

61. Money falling short with a certain *Dear Joy*, he happened to see an Alkamy Spoon in the House where he lodg'd ; and it being pretty fresh and new, he concluded it to be Silver, and privately put it up in his Pocket, not without rendering Thanks to *St. Patrick* for so seasonable a Booty : He was resolved not to be long without Money, having such a rich Prize about him ; and strait repairs to a Goldsmith's Shop, very formally takes it out of his Pocket, and desires the Goldsmith to weigh it for him ; which accordingly he did : *Noow be me Shoul, dear Joy, quoth our fortunate Spark, and caunsh't dee not doe me de Favour to give me sho mush Money for it ash it comes to ? and be Chreesht I will coome to dey Shop anoder Time, indede.* The Goldsmith (perceiving the profound Ignorance of the Animal) as formerly lays him down three Pewter Half-pence, which *Dear Joy* took up in his Hand, saying, *Noow, I predee shweet Lad, tell me ish dish ash mush ash it comes to ?* To which he reply'd, It is. *Dear Joy* made a very great Compliment to him, putting off his Hat, and with many Bows telling him ; *Noow be mee Shalvashion, I mauke very mush Tanke to dee for dy great Shivility ; and I will come to dy Shop me shelfe, indede ; and be Chreesht I will tell me Countreemen where dy Shop is ; for Dee'l tauke me, dee beesht very shivil Parshon indede.* No sooner had he taken his Leave of the Goldsmith, but he met with another tatter'd Skelleton of his Countreymen ; upon whom he began to look very big, and assumed somewhat of a greater Port than ordinary ; upon which, his Friend looking very intent upon him, crys out ; *Noow de Dee'l tauke me indede, if his Maujesties Graush harve not graunted dee Petishion ; and be Shaint Patrick, I predee tell me vbat Plaush it ish, dat ish put upon dee now ; for I believe it ish shome very great Plaush, indede. Noe ! noe ! noe ! be me Shoul, it is no Plaush at all,* reply'd he, but  
*I harve*



I haue got shome Moneys, and I will buy a Plaush indede. Noow be Chreesht, Dear Joy, quoth the other, I mauke very mush Petishion upon dee; and I predee vilt dou not be sho kind to lend me shom of dy Money, noow? De Dee'l tauke me indede, I haue had no Breakfasht put into my Mouth dese five or shix Days. Noe, be Shaint Pautrick's Staff, I will lend dee noe Money, Joy, reply'd he, for Dee'l shmoke me Shoul, indede, if all aure Countreemen will lend me one Farthing to keep me from staurving, whan I want Bread noow; Bot I will shew dee great Kindnesb indede noow, and I will put shom Dinner upon dee; dee shalt go vid me to a Shix-penny Ordinary, and ve will mauke aure Bellies full vid Beef and Broth, for dree or four Days indede. So away they march to a Beef and Broth Cellar; and eat and drank till it came to Ten-pence; then calling for a Reckoning, one of the Irish Half Crowns was thrown down to the Woman; and Dear Joy bid her give him the Change of it. What is this you give me? says the Woman. You have had Ten-pence, and this but an Half-penny. Noow de Dee'l tauke dee indede, dou Shon of a Vhore; Be Chreesht, ish not dish a neew half Crown Peesh? Be mee Shoul, I will mauke Sweare upon dee before de Maujistrate noow, dee vilt not tauke hish Maujesties Graushes Coin, indede! It is but an Half-penny, says the Woman. I shay dou lyesh like a Shon of a Vhore, ash dou art, be Creesht; and I will mauke Evidaunsh upon dy House for a great Gbeate, be me Shoul noow. Come, come, says the Woman, give me other Money, or I will have you before your Betters. Noow bee de Maush, dear Joy, I tell dee here ish twa Peeshes more of de shame short, and dee maist tauke which dee vill; bot upon mee Shoul, I will ne'er come into dish damn Plaush again. The dear Joys were very Cholerick; at length, the Woman sent some Body with them to  
 onw

the Goldsmith, who gave him the Spoon again, and received the three Half-pence; *Dear Joy* was much dissatisfy'd; but was fain to leave his Sword with the Woman, to atone for the Beef and Broth-Treat.

62. *Bryan and Owen happening to fall out one Day: Bryan called Owen, Shon of a Vhore; and Owen return'd to him, Shon of a Cuckold: Noow kee Obreesbt, quoth Bryan, dat ish a damm'd Lie, for me Fauder wash never married.*

63. *Mac* having landed in the West of England, was riding to *London* to get a Place; and in the narrow Road, where the Hedges almost touch one the other, he overtook some Gentlemen travelling the same Way; they had not rid far, before a great Bough of a Tree crossed the Way, that it was pretty difficult for them to lift it up, and pass on Horse-back under: The hindermost of the Gentlemen, being of a pleasant Humour, held the Bough in his Hand, and strained it with all his Might; and just as *Mac* was come up to the Place, he let it go with such a Force, that it hit *Mac* off his Horse, into a very dirty Hole in the Road; after a little Time, he put himself in the best Order he could; and having mounted his Horse in a very dirty Pickle, he again overtook the Gentlemen, and making up with them, he thus addressed himself to the hindermost; *Mac* dear Joy, noww be Shaint Pautrick, and all de Shaints of mee Countree, dee best de shivellest Gentleman dat ever I met wid all; I tank de wid all mine Heart, for dy great Kindnesb in holding de Bough for mee; for bee Chreesht, it strack me off mee Horsh, for all dee didsht bould it; bot iff dee baulsht not been ju kind, Dear Joy, it woud have beat me Fleed from mee Boody, indeed.

64. A Gentleman walking one Evening in the Pall-mall, was accosted by a Tonguelander, who

who had been a Footman to a great Nobleman of this Nation, after this Manner. *Noow, bee mee Shoul, dear Joy, de Dee'l tauke mee, bot dee beesht a very shivil Gentlemaun, and dea hasht had great Educaushion put upon dee, for dea dosht look like one dat can Vrite and Read, indede; and if dee vould dee me de Kindnesch to mauke write upon a Peesh of Pauper for mee, and mauke a Scraupe or two of dy Pen for mee, dee shault ne'er know what I will doe for dee.* Come, in short, says the Gentleman, what is it thou wouldst have me to do for thee? *I will tall dee, my shweet Joy; I will mauke Shupplieashion to dee to mauke Petishion upon hish Mauesties Graush, de D. of O. for mee, dat I may get into shom Plaush for a Gentleman; and dat dee wilt shertify for mee, dat I wash a Foot-Paung to such a Nobleman.* Alas, reply'd the Gentleman, I never had Acquaintance with thee, nor yet know whom thou hast been a Servant to; and wouldst thou have me put my Hand to that which I never knew? I must beg your Excuse for that. *Noow, bee mee own Fadersh Shoul, I will mauke swear for dee of any ding I never shaw in all mee Life, and dat I shall ne'er stick to doe for dee, indede; and de Dee'l tauke mee, de wilt refushe to mauke Scraupe or two upon Pauper for mee: Who! boo! boo! it mauke great Grief upon mee, indede.* You impudent Raskal, quoth the Gentleman, what dost thou see in my Face, that thou shouldst take me for such a Villain? were it in another Place, I assure thee, it should cost thee as severe a Caning as ever Scoundrel had. At this the fawning Spaniel fell on his Knees, making hideous Lamentation, and protesting, *Hee had great Shorrow for mauking Dish-turbansh upon de Gentlemaun; but withal came on with a humble Shupplieashion, dat de Gentlemaun vould lend him hauß a Crown, to mauke Friendsch with shom Noubleman's Shervants to get into Plaush.* The Gen-



Gentleman, to be rid of him, threw him a Tetter ; and so they parted.

65. A Gentleman of the Country, having hired one of the same Country to serve about his Stables ; walking one Day with some of his Friends towards his Bowling-green, turn'd about, and bid his new Servant fetch his Bowls : *Tony* (having taken into his Imagination something of a Bull) run to a Field near a Mile distant, where the Cattle were grazing, and endeavoured to drive the Bull alone out of the Field ; but, not being able to perswade him to go without Company, poor *Tony* was forced to take a Cow along with him ; and with much ado, after a considerable Time, brought them to the Place where the Gentlemen were at Bowls : He would have drove them into the Green, but that the Gard'ner hindered ; whereupon he went to his Master, who, in great Rage, demanded of him the Reason why he had not brought his Bowls according to his Command ? threatening to break his Head ; but his Answer prevented it, which he made after this Manner ; *I voud pray dee not to bee in Indignashion vid mee, for I haueve brought him as fasht as I could mauke him come ; bot hee vas got upon de furdesht Plaush of all de Field vid hish Moder and hish Sisters ; and I could not mauke him come bee himself, indede ; but noow I haue brought him unto dee, and his Moder too, be Chreest.*

66. A Lady in Covent-Garden demanded of Donnel her Footman, which Way the Wind fate ? He reply'd, *Bee Chreest, Madam, I caunt tell which Way it shits, for it hash chainged four or five Timesh dish Day : Vben I went to White-hall in de Morning it vash in my Faush, and when I came Home it vash in me Baak ; and when I vent to de Pall-mall, it vash in me Faush ; and when I vent to Lincolnesht-Inn-Fieldsh, it vash in mee Baak again : Dee'll tanke mee, I tinke it shits every Way.*

67. A Lady of great Quality, sent her Footman Owen to a Reverend Prelate with a Collar of Brawn; Owen met the Porter at the Door, and told him, *Dat ish Laudyesh Graush had shent shomting to hish Mauster, mee Lourd Beshit; and I vill pray dee bee sho shivil, to mauke-mee mauke shpeake upon him; for bee Chreest, it hauve mauke mee Harmsb, and me Bauke very Shore, indede.* The Porter having given Notice, Owen was call'd into the Hall; where my Lord came to him, and enquired of his Lady's Health: *Bee Chreesht, dear Graush, said Owen, I tinke she bee very weell; for shee dranke two Dishes of Choake-a-cat dish Morning; and she put Membranshes of her Sharvish upon dee Graush, and hauve shent unto dee shomting: What is it, quoth my Lord? Whe, it ish shomting; be de Maush, I hauve losht de Naume of it! O! O! It ish of de Showsh Husband, indede.* What a Collar of Brawn, quoth the Bishop? *Yesh, bee Chreest, dear Joy, it ish indede.* Well, says my Lord, prethee present my Service and Thanks to her Ladyship, and tell her, When I meet her at the Hole of the Ash, and Bucks are in Season, I will give her a fat Buck; and there is half a Crown for thy Pains: So the Bishop dismissed Owen, and left him to the Care of the Butler; who took Occasion to fill his Skin with what the Cellar afforded. Owen then takes his Leave, and returns to his Lady; telling her, *Dat me Lourd Beshit presbented very mush of his Sharvish upon her Ladyship, and did tanke dee for de Peesh of dat dee shent to him indede; and hee have shent dee one of hish Mauejesty's Half-crowne Crowne-Peeshes: Dere ish shomting alsh bee wash for hauving mee to shay to dee; bot, bee Chreest, I cannot shpeake for laughing indede; bee me Shoul, it wash very plausbant, and it vill mauke dee very mush overjoyed indede.* What was it, Sirrah, says the Lady? *Whe, it wash:*  
Ha!

*Ha! ha! ha! be! It wash, Ha! ha! Bee Chreest, I shaull bepish my shelfe; He! be! be! Bot I will tall dee, be Shaint Pautrick: Hee shay, Dat when hee meets dee at de Hole of de Arsb; Ha! ha! ha! ha! and——are in Sheason, Ha! ba! He! be! Be me Shalwashion, He! be! he! Ho! Hee shay, Hee will put de fat —— upon dee, indee. What an incorrigible Piece of Impudence art thou, says the Lady; thou hast had too much of the Cellar, and now thy Tongue runs into all Manner of Nastiness: Get thee out of my Sight, thou filthy Raskal; I am resolv'd, the Gentleman of the Horse shall cane thee into better Manners, thou insufferable beastly Villain.*

68. A Person just arrived from *Teagueland*, and walking the Streets, an unfortunate Accident happen'd by the Fall of a Piece of Timber, from a new Building House, which killed a Gentleman passing by: The *Irishman* being the only Person that saw the Disaster, was sent for to give his Evidence to the Coroner's Inquest; who when he had related some of the Matter, said, *Bee Chreest, I did tauke him by de Heund, and ask'd him if hee was dead? but he answered, and said Noting.*

69. One of *Galloway* coming to *London* upon some *Law-Affairs*, call'd for a Coach, and order'd him to drive to the *Temple*; who, when he was set down, would give the Coachman but Sixpence: But the Counsellor his Friend told him, That their Fare was a Shilling, tho' they went never so little a Way; and you should have payed no more, if he had carry'd you twice as far: *Den, by Chreest, doe I am in hasht for mee Busbiness, I will haue a Penny-worth: And so made him drive to St. James's to earn his Shilling; while he himself trotted Home on Foot, and lost his Opportunity.*



70. *Owen* taking up the Trade of a Barber, and trimming a Gentleman some Miles up the *Thames*, fancied upon the Familiarity of his Daughter, that she was in Love with him; and thereupon resolv'd to take Oars, and steal her away; and sitting in the Vessel, one of the Watermen pray'd him to trim the Boat: He reply'd, *Bee Chreeft, Joy, how dost thou know I am a Barber?*

71. Some dear *Jays*, waiting to get Commissions to serve in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, had little or no Money to procure Lodgings: Some of the richest hired a Room with two Beds: And they found Means for sixteen to lye therein; four of them going to Bed, and other four relieved each other every four Hours; and crying, *Be Chreeft, Joy, dish will mauke ush all Sholdiers.*

72. *Mac Trotwell*, coming to the D. of O. knock'd strongly at the Gate; the Porter came out and asked his Business? *Mee Joy, I vould shpeake with de Duke*: But he was answered, that he was at Dinner, and therefore must come again. *Me dear Joy, I cannot stay, I haue great Occausion to shpeake vid him.* Thereupon the Porter went and whisper'd his Grace in the Ear, that there was a Person must needs speak with him; so the Duke stepped to the Door, to know the Business of the Man; who asked, *Art thou hish Graush de Duke?* Yes, replied the Duke. *I pray dee doe me de Favour, to tell me, if dy Graushes Footman, Pautrick, be vid in, for I haue great Mautters vid him.*

73. A Gentleman having a *Bog* Footman, gave him a Letter to bring an Answer to it, he having omitted to do it before: The Footman found out the Person, and told him, *He had a Letter for him from hish Mauster.* Where is it, said the Gentleman, give it me? *Noe, be Chreeft, dear Joy,* said he, *I must haue an Aunsher to it first.*

74. Another Gentleman would not believe that  
 1 they

they could be so absurd : The Master of the Footman laid a Wager with the other, that he would send his Man, to know if he were at such a Tavern : So Stakes were deposited, and *Patrick* call'd : *Sirrah*, said his Master, go to the *Castle Tavern*, and know if I am there ? The Fellow went, and reported to his Master : *Be Shaint Pautrick, dey shay, dee art not dere yet ; bot dee wilt bee dere preshantly.*

75. *Patrick*, taken from the Plough, was made a Horse-Soldier, and accidentally breaking his Sword, he went to the Gunsmith's to have it mended, saying, *I predee, dear Joy, wilt dee doe me de Kindness, to mauke a Firelock to me Shword ?*

76. An old Irishman having petitioned his Majesty for a Command, and not receiving an Answer, followed the King into his Closet; who asked him, what he would have ? *Owen* reply'd, *An Answer to me Petishion for a Plaush.* The King said, There was no Vacancy. *Owen* reply'd, *Me dear Joy, de King, dee maist mauke a Vacauncy, if it pleash dy Graush.*

77. One of the same Nation, cursing, and saying, *Dee Dee'l tauke me ;* another of his Companions, said; *Bee Chreesht, dou mauke me shwear be me Mauker.*

78. One of the same Country seeing the E. of R. with a blue Ribbon about his Shoulders, ask'd what was the Meaning thereof ? who was told, that the King gave it him for beating the Rebels in the West. *Den be Chreesht,* reply'd *dear Joy, his Majesty's Graush should haue given one to God Almighty.*

79. A dear Joy, some Time since, having obtained a Commission in the Army, was apparell'd in Scarlet, and extremely well accoutred in all Habilliments ; he shew'd himself upon the *Royal Exchange* to some of his Acquaintance ; who, glad to see that Alteration, were looking about, and admiring his Bravery, perceived that one of his scarlet Stockings was the wrong Side outward, and told him

him of the Mistake ; who reply'd, *I did it on Pur-  
posh, vor dat dere vash a Hole on de oder Shide.*

80. A Gentleman of *Teagueland* having bought an extreme good Gelding, which cost him nigh threescore Pounds or upwards ; but as he was riding thereon, the Horse usually farted ; the *Irishman* having a natural Aversion to the same, did mightily spur and whip him, to cause him to leave it off ; which, notwithstanding did it as much as before : The Gentleman was resolv'd therefore to part with him, and sold him to an *English* Officer for one third of the Value ; who wondered, that when he perceived the Gelding to fart, he mightily kick'd and winch'd ; and thereupon took Occasion to discourse with the *Irish* Gentleman ; who told him, *Dat disb Horsh using to vart, he endeavour'd to beat him out of it ; but not performing dat Task, he aerefore rid bish Haundsh of him.*

81. *Donnel* being in a Window, unmannerly spit upon a Gentleman's Head as he was passing along the Street ; and looking for the Person who thus affronted him, told him, If he were down he would give him a Box on the Ear. The *Irishman* answered, *Be me Shoul, dear Jey, I will not come down for twanty, indede.*

82. One newly arrived in a poor Condition from the remotest Parts of *Teagueland*, was wandering about the Streets of *London* ; and seeing the Words, *Money for live Hair*, written upon a Barber's Shop ; entering therein, and ask'd for a Lodging, and after that for Victuals ; and having remained there without paying any Thing for it, nigh two Weeks, his Landlady desired to be paid before she trusted farther ; the poor Countryman answer'd, *Noow, de Dee'l tauke-dee, didstt dou not mauke a Writing, Money for live here ? and dostt dee exshpac? Many from me ? Be Chreesht, it ish a damm Sbeat, indede.*



83. A certain Skip running hastily towards the Mall in St. James's Park, enquired of a Gentleman if he saw the noble Earl of T. walking that Way? who was answered, that he was near the upper End: He reply'd, *Doe ye tinke, good People, dat I may overtauke him, before I come at him.*

84. Owen in the County of Galloway, was ordered by his Landlord to fell some Branches from a Tree, that hung over a Rivulet, that obstructed their Passage in a Boat; who, in Pursuance of his Order, got into the said Tree, sitting upon a Bough, and cut the same off whereon he sat, and fell into the River with it, and had like to have been drown'd; but when he was drawn out, he said, *Dee'l tauke me, how could de Bough fall down, vban I shat upon it vid all my Wayt, to keep it up.*

85. Mac and Donnel walking through White-Fryars into the Temple, looked (for Company) on the Pictures that are painted in Frisco on the new Buildings. There they questioned one another, what might be the Representation of them; one saying, *Be Chreesht what are dese eight fine Pictures?* The other reply'd, *Mo Joy, I know not unless they be de twelve Apostles.*

86. One of the same Nation being unhappily at the Sessions of Peace for an high Misdemeanor, and in Prospect of coming into Damage for the same, told the Court, that he was one of his Majesty's Officers; then was ask'd for his Commission, who drew out of his Pocket a Paper, praying that it might be read; which well appeared to be a Petition for a Place. The Court shew'd their Resentment, that he should tell them a Falsity: He reply'd, that he had his Petition so long in his Pocket, that he was in Hopes it had grown to a Commission.

87. Teague and Sawney travelling together from Chester to London, they lay in the same Bed upon the Road; it happen'd that Sawny's Feet being very hot  
with

with Travelling, he thrust them out at the Bed's Foot to cool. Now, whether it was upon making Petition, or in Contemplation of the fine Place, *Teague* had fancy'd to himself, I will not determine; but something kept him awake, and he saw, by Moon-light, naked Feet lying out at the Foot of the Bed; and concluding with himself they were his own Feet so expos'd to the Cold, he went out of Bed and laid Cloaths upon them, and returned into his Place again. After a little Time he saw the Cloaths off them again; so he went out a second Time, and did as before: *Sawny* (imagining somewhat of a Mistake in the Matter) like a false Loon, thrust them out a third Time; which *Teague* no sooner perceived, but out he gets again to the Bed's Foot, lays the Cloaths on again, and stood there a considerable Time, holding them down with his Hands, saying to himself, *Me Moddar did tell me dat young Lads coming to London, were apt to get the Running of de Reine, indede; and be Shaint Pautrick, before I will tauke de Cold in my Footsh, and haue dat filty Disease in mine Foot, I will stay and keep de Cloaths down upon dem all dis Night, indede. Sawny being then thoroughly convinc'd of Teague's natural Simplicity, called out to him; Noow, be me Shoul, Mon, vbat gars dee mean, dot dou cansht not let me Fit alloon? I tall dee, e'ne gang dy Ways, noow, and come into Bed, or I will e'ne rayse, and take dee in by de Lugs. Teague hearing this, reply'd, Noow, de Dee'l tauke me, dear Joy, if I haue not been upon me tinkin all dis Night, dot it vash mine awne Footsh, indede; and I mauke baggon Pardon upon dee vid all mine Heart, noow; be de Mash I did she dem, and did tinke dey vash mine awne Footsh, in Fait.*

88. It is impossible to tell you the Surprize that *Mac-clan* was in, when he had lain at a Bawdy-house all Night, and spent his Estate of four Irish Half-

Half-Crowns there, as they call them; when in the Morning he found a black Wench in his Arms, instead of an Harlot of another Complexion; he started out of Bed, ran down the Stairs naked, crossing himself over and over; feeling for his Beads, when he had never a Rag about him; and skipping up and down like one of the most frantick in *Bedlam*, roaring and bellowing; *Whoo! whoo! boo! boo! was vill I dee? be Chreesht mine awne Moder will kill me for mauking Child upon the Dee's awne shelf: Vat will I shay to mine Confessor indede, wen I come for de Absbolushion? I must shay dat I pot — upon de Dee's, indede. Whoo! whoo! boo! boo! Noowo, de Dee's tauke me Shoul, all de Holy Vater will not mauke me shweet again, be me Fait; I will e'ne goe and put haung upon my shelf, or mauke shome great Bonfire upon Tyburn, and dere mauke burn upon mine awne reprobated P——. Whoo! whoo! boo!* What the Plague is the Matter, says the old Bawd, with this whining Son of a Whore? Who, but the Devil, or his Daughter, wou'd have to do with such a lousy, scabbed, Bog-trotting Son of a Whore? I'll cure the Heat —, you Whore's-bird, with a Vengeance; and so threw a full Pot of Chamber-lye upon him, which swill'd him out of the House.

89. A certain Nobleman sent his Man *Patrick* to the Cockpit with a Burden of Cocks, they being designed that Day to fight for a considerable Sum of Money. It happened, when he had brought them there, a Gentleman desired to see his Cocks; at that he puts them all out upon the Pit. Their Martial Heat soon engaged them in a bloody Combat. The Warriors had soon stain'd their Weapons with the Blood of one another. It could not be called Duelling, for every one had two Enemies to encounter. They were all Principals, and yet Seconds to each other. The Pen of a skillful *Roman*eer, might



might here have a large Field in *Heroick* Lines to paint the Art and Fury of a well-manag'd Combat: They put by one another's Passes with that Nimbleness, broke one another's Guards with that Vigour, pursued every Advantage with that Subtilty, travers'd their Ground with such wary Measures, as were hard to determine, whether they had been taught by, or had been Teachers to the most skilful Gladiators. What shall I say? The Spectators were surpriz'd at the Novelty of the Fight, to see every one encountering two, and two encountering every one. Sometimes all embroiled in a massacring Heap, and presently duelling, and fencing according to the Rules of Discipline. *Patrick* made a great Noise with his Bets upon his Master's Cocks; sometimes crying out, *I will hold dee shik Vardings, dree of hish Graushes new Half-pensh; ore, be Chreesht I will held me Swoord, and all me Mauster's Livery. Vill no body be mauking upon Wager vid me? Be de Shaint of my Naume, I will hold all de Wool of my Vadersh Flack, and dat ish four Sheepsh, and seaven Goatsh, indede. Dee'l tauke me, me Lord's Cocksh shall kill von anoder, and no Boudy mauke Vager vid me; If me Lourd vere here, dear Joy, he voud mauke Vager of Tenn Doushan Pounds upon every von of de dree be Chreesht; and I tinke de Dee'l be in every Boudy, dere is no Boudy mauke Vager indede, bub!* Whilst *Patrick* was in great Fumigation because none would take up his Bet of Half-penny Half-Crowns; the Combatants had dyed the Field with Blood, and so mortally wounded each other, that the Tragi-comedy ended in the Death of all three upon the Place. *Be Shaint Dennis, quoth Patrick, I wish vid all me Heart noow, dat me Lourd had been heare, bot to shoo hoow maunfully hish Cocksh hauue mauke Murder upon demselves; for, be me Fait, one of de dree be all dead indede.* Just as these Words were spoke,  
the

the Lord came in, and seeing the Blood, and the Cocks dead; What! says the Lord, Hath there been ever a Battle? *Yesh be Chreesht*, dear Joy, if it pleasb dee, reply'd Patrick, all de dree Cocksh hawve mauke kill upon one de oder. Villain! said his Lord, how came this to pass? *Be me Shalwasbion*, if dee vout not mauke much Auger, I will tall dee indede, reply'd Patrick. *Be me Graupdfadersh Shoul*, it ish de truth, indede; I did put dem dabwn upon de Plaush beare, and dey did fall out, be Chreesht, ash if dey haud neever sbeen one anoder before, indede. You Dog, said his Lord, what is the Meaning of this? *Be Chreesht*, noow, says Patrick, dee musht e'ne ashke de Meaning upon demshelves; for de Dee'l tauke me, if I did sbe de like in all my Life, indede; dat dey should mauke shuch faulling out, and killing upon one anoder, and yet be bourn and breed in de shame Housh in Fait.

90. Mine dear Bryan, indede, said Owen, *Be me Shoul* dee beesht too very mush haupy indede, dat dee be not pot-upon de Trouble vid de Plauge of a Weese; *Be Chreesht* dey be de veeriesht Dee'l dat ever wash bourn indede. Vat ish de Matter, Dear Joy? said Bryan. Noow, Dee'l tauke me, if dee desht not mauke much Feare upon me, dat I vill ne'er be upon Marridge, indede. Vbat ish de Maater? I shay. Hoo! hoo! hoo! Boo! *Be Chreesht*, I vill tall dee indede, dear Joy; but dou musht not mauke talling upon any Boody beshides: Noe, be me Shoul, I vill, said Bryan. Vhee den, be de Mash, I vill tall dee, Dear Joy; I hawve been marry'd bot twa Montsh indede, and me Vife did maukt verry much Scolding upon me, and de Beech did call me Cuckold, indede, and de Dee'l himshelf cannot be sho much unshivil, as daat. *Be me Shoul*, de Dee'll tauke me, but I coud mush forbear mauking Morder upon de Dee'llish Jade, indede. Whaat de Plauge, says Bryan, and ish dat sho mush Maater; and, be Chreesht, me awne Mod-  
der

der hauwe called me Fader Cuckold, a hundred Timesh in my awn hearing, indede. Veel, veel, dey wash marryed a long Time togedder, and dat be not fush mush Matter; Bot, reply'd Owen, van I shall be marryed bot twa Monsh, and de damm Beech call me Cuckold, be Chreesht how should she be able to know dat indede?

91. Divers Gentlemen taking Notice of a Dancing Mare that belonged to a Gentleman of the Guards; they were speaking somewhat of her Shapes, and the Feats she could perform. A dear Joy (standing by) said to one of the Gentlemen, Noow, be Shaint Pautrick's Shlipper, I will be haung'd bot disb Mare voud mauke de fine Gaulding indede, if she had bot twa Stonesh betwixtsht her Leggsh.

92. Teague running hastily in the Pall-mall, was met by a Gentleman's Footman which knew him; How now, Teague, says he, whither so hastily? Be Chreesht, dear Joy, I will tall dee indede, I am going to de Scrivishnar, to get him write Latre upon a Peech of Pauper to mine awne Brodder dat ish dead in Fraunsh.

93. An English Gentleman travelling from Cork to Waterford, met a Native, of whom he enquired, how many Miles it was from Cork to Waterford? The other considering of it awhile, at length return'd, Be Chreesht, dear Joy, I caunt tall dee hoow mauny Miles it ish from Cork to Waterford; bot it ish aboot ayteen Miles from Waterford to Cork.

94. Two Grooms, Natives of Dear Joy's-land, talking about her R. M. the Queen Dowager, quoth one of them to the other; Noow de Dre'h tauke dee, be me Shoul, vat dosht dee tinke if her Maujeshties Graush shoud marry de E. of F.? Vat I  
K tinke,



*tinke, be Chreesht ! dan he musht be King Dowager, indede, la.*

95. *Sirrah ! said a Gentleman to his Footman, Crag, go to the Oilman's, and bid him send me a Quart of his best Sallad Oil ; Yeesb be me Shoul will I, quoth Cragg ; away tript he to the Oilman's. Dear Jey, me Mauster have shent me for shom Quart of Oyle, and de musht shend it presbantly, indede. Here, said the Oilman, having measur'd it, wherein shall I put it ? Noow de Dee'l tauke me indede, quoth Cragg, I have not bring de Bottle in Fait ; bot, be Chreesht, here ish mine Haat, dee maysh put it upon daat, and I can mauke carry it home very well. The Oilman, willing to have some Sport, poured great Part of the Oil upon one Side of his Hat ; Now, Cragg, says he, where shall I put the rest ? Heare, beare, quoth Cragg, (turning his Hat, and with that the Oil upon the Ground) dee maysh put dat upon de oddar sbide of me Haat ; which accordingly was done. Cragg returning to his Master ; Be de Mash, said he, I did forgat de Bottle ; bot I hauwe broat it upon me Haat indede, and daat ish all von, dear Jey : Is this all, says his Master : Noe, be Chreesht, reply'd Cragg, de reast ish all upon de odder Sbide, I will show dee ; so turning his Hat again, make a shift to cast that likewise on the Ground. Where is it, Puppy ? said the Master : Be me Shalwashion, Jey, it ish fallen out of de Hole of mine Haat, be Chreesht.*

96. *Be hisb Holinesb's Toe, quoth Cragg to Glancard, I caan noe shooner turne me Baake, bot Bryan will mauke Abushe upon me to my Faush.*

97. *Marry, I vash bourne in Chonmal, says Owen to Cicelle, and be Chreesht, I must be upon great Mishtauke if dee beesht not me Cousbin, and Countree-woman, indede. Yeesb, by me Shhlwashion, Owen, reply'd she, and I am of Clanmal ; and dee Great*  
Ground-

*Graundfadder wash mine Aunt. O! be Chreesht, noow I remaumber, and me Moddar wash dyne Unkle, indede; hoow loang hasht de been in England? I preedee, said she, Bee Shaint Bridget, I hauve been beare about shix or sheaven Yearsh indede, and I hauve been marryed fower Yearsh: And hoow mauny Shildren hauve been mauk upon dee; says Owen? Whe bee de Massh, said she, I hauve not haud any at ayll. Dee'l tauke me, reply'd he, bot daat ish jush like dine awn Moddar, for she had no Child too, bee Shaint Pautrick.*

Some Men laugh at Stories of Spectres, and Hobgoblins, whilst it puts others upon a serious Consideration; but what is now about to be told, may be of the Number of those that affect Men after the first Manner.

98. One that had exchanged his Brogues for a Livery, and served a Gentleman in Quality of a Foot-man for some Time, having by his Fellow-Servants been laught out of Countenance, for many *Bog-Witticisms*, or *Wise-sayings* of *Teagueland*, put himself out of that Quality, and tyed himself a Prentice to the Hackney Coachman in *Bishopsgate-street*. He had not been long in that Service, before one Day waiting for a Fare near *Ludgate*, a Gentleman that came out of a Tavern thereby, called him, and bid him drive to *White-hall*: The Gentleman seated himself in the Coach, and *Garret* drove forward. The Gentleman had a Project came in his Head to put a Trick upon his Coachman, by making him fancy he had carry'd a Spirit in his Coach, and this Intrigue of the Gentleman mightily pleased his Imagination; for the Pleasantness of the Conceit, meeting with the sweet and elevating Fumes of the Grape, raised such a Titulation in his Fancy, that he often laught aloud

to himself, in Contemplation of his Device; which after this Manner he put in Execution: You must know the Gentleman had a Pocket, and in this Pocket a Knife, much like that the Surgeons use for Incisions; with this Instrument he so dexterously cut round three Parts of the Back of the Coach, leaving the upper Part entire, that it met at the Sides and the Bottom, as if it had never been cut asunder. Out of this trap Door, the Gentleman got behind the Coach, and from thence upon the Ground, near *Scotland-yard-gate*; from whence he might discern how the Coachman behaved himself, when he came to set down his Fare: First, he saw the Coach stop at *Whitehall-gate*, Garret alights out of the Box, claps his Hat under his Arm, opens the Door of the Coach, then looks in, and round him every Way, as *Pug* did in the Basket, when the Partridges were flown; but that was no Place for him to stay and expostulate, he had only Time to cast his Hat on the Ground, and give it three or four Stamps with his Foot; and biting his Thumb-nails, swear half a score Times be *Chreest*, and *Shaint Pautrick*, and so mounted his Coach-box in great Ferment, and drove towards *Charing-Cross*: But before he was got so far, his Fare had got up behind the Coach, and in at the back Door, and had again taken his Seat very Majestically, permitting Garret to drive 'till he came near the *New Exchange*, and then called out to the Coachman to stop; which he did with great Amazement? Sirrah, said the Gentleman, is this your Way to *Whitehall*? what a Pox is the Meaning of this? *Bee Shaint Pautrick's Horsh, I shware unto dee, dear Joy, I haure been at White-haul indede, and I could not shue dee indede; and bee de Brogues of mee Fauder's Fauder, it vash very great mishtaken in mee; bot bee mee Shoul,*



*Shoul, Jay, I will bee at White-haul vid de pre-  
shantly indee.* And so turning his Coach, he drove  
Westward again with all Speed; but in the mean  
Time the Gentleman had conveyed himself out,  
as before, and stood at his Post, to observe how it  
wrought with poor *Garret*: Who, upon this se-  
cond Disappointment, was a thousand Times in  
more Perplexity than before: Now the Devil and  
his Imps came fresh into his Imagination, and hav-  
ing cross'd himself, and said two or three *Ave Ma-  
ries*, with a deep Sigh, he again mounted his Coach-  
box, and drives his Horses as if the Devil had  
driven him; he was so much in haste to get Home,  
that he never looked behind him; which gave the  
Gentleman an Opportunity to get again into his  
Place. *Garret* drove on 'till he came near the  
Place, where the Gentleman called him at the first;  
and then he heard one call out to him, Stop Coach,  
stop Coach, you Son of a Whore, is this the Way  
to *Whitehall*? But never did poor Debtor, when  
pursued by five or six Serjeants, make more haste  
into his Sanctuary, or flying Partridge from pur-  
suing Vultur, than poor terrify'd, scarify'd, asto-  
nished *Garret* did, to drive out of that tremendous  
Noise: The People from the Street called out to  
him; Coachman, why do not you stop? do you  
not hear the Gentleman? *Dee Dee'l, de Dee'l!*  
*Fuge, fuge! bee Shaint Franshis, and Shaint Dunst-  
tan, and aul de Shaints of de both Shexis, I will  
mauke dee hould dy Peash, dou Feind of de Dee'l,  
dou Shon of a Beech-Dee'l, I will shend to caull upon  
mine Confesbor, and bee shall pot de Holy-Vater upon  
dee, and mauke de maud, be Chreest:* And at every  
Word the poor Horses were lasht, as if he meant  
to slay them alive; till between running and flying,  
they had hurried all that was fastened to their  
Harness into the Stable-Yard; when *Garret* imme-  
diately

dihtely leapt out of the Coach-box, and shut himself up in a Room, not altogether so sweet as a Rose-Cake; for he was heard, between swearing, praying and cursing, to lament himself much after this Sort: *Noow, de Dee'l tauke mee, bee Chreesht, disb ish de very Shon of a Vhore-Deel! bee de Mash, hauve mauke shuch Fright upon mee, I hauve mauke foul upon me Breechesb, indede! O—boo! O—boo! Vat vill I doe? Vat vill I doe?* The Gentleman, perceiving the Distraction Garret's Affrightment had put the Family into, went his Ways for that Time, and left them to consider of it; but the next Morning sent a Guinea or two for Reparation.

99. A certain *dear Joy*, who had never known what it was to have a Razor upon his Face, having still been used to clip off his Hair with Scissars; one Time had let his Beard be of so long standing, that he could not take it off that Way, and so, the first Time, put himself into a Barber's Shop; whilst he was trimming, he saw a Person that was a quarterly Customer, lay down a Crown for his quarteridge. Dear Joy at that was somewhat surprized, considering he had not so much Money about him; but however, when he was going out, he put a good Face upon it, took out Four Shillings and Eightpence (which was all the Money he had in his Pocket, and which must cost him a Week or a Fortnight's Fast at least) and suddenly laying it down on the Table, he nimbly whipt out of the Door: The Barber seeing what was left, thinking it some Mistake, called after him in the Street, to return him Part of his Money: but he hastened off as fast he could, saying: *Be Chreesht, dear Joy, I hauve noo more Money noow, bot I vill geeve des de add four Pensb de next Tyme, in Fait.*

100. When his Majesty's most gracious Toleration,

tion, and Indulgence to tender Consciences, was at first published; it is said, that a certain *Macland Man*, meeting a Woman that sold Lace and Linnen, took hold of her Box of Goods; saying unto her, *Bee mee Shoul, dee bee a Dee'lish Beech of de Voman; Vat de Plague dish dee mauke mee be in mee Chamber all dish Day, and mee Voman shend mee Lauce, and Linnensh bee dee; and de Dee'l tauke dee, dou coudsht not come vid it, but noow? What does the Fellow mean? says the Woman; do you steal my Goods after this Manner? Daat ish noe Maater, said he, I vill carry Homme mine awne Tings, in Fait.* The People gathered about them, and perceiving the Woman was like to be cheated, got a Constable call'd, and took dear Joy into Custody, demanding of him the Woman's Box and Goods: *Vat de Dee'!! vat meaning ish upon aull dish noow; I can mauke swear upon it, it ish mine awne Lauß; bee Shaint Pautrick, and bee mee Shalvashion, I vill mauke breake upon dee Faush indede, bot dee shaut not pot de greate shaum upon mee, to tauke away mine awn, indede.* But it being proved to be the Woman's; it was demanded how he came to claim it? to which hh made Answer; *Dish ish very praty, dat ven de Kingsh Graush hauve given de Labarty of Conscience, dat I musht not hauve Labarty to tauke vat ish mee Conscience, indede.*

101. *Fitz Donnel* coming into a Tavern Kitchen in London, it chanced there were two Lobsters roasting at the Fire; he was in very great Concern to inform himself what sort of strange Dish that was; he took up the basting Spoon, and knock'd upon their hard Coats, which put him upon greater Surprize; at length, says he, *Vat in de Dee'ish Naame musht dish bee indede; I hauve helpe shtear a great mauny Raabbets in mine Time, be Shaint Pautrick; and I hauve sheen mauny a Couple roashted before*



fore dist Time, indede; but I did never seee shom  
roasted in Armour before dist Time, be Chreest.

102. One coming over into England since the  
Time of Improving, by maaking Evidunsh, his  
Shoes were so much out of Repair, that his Toes  
felt their Way through the Dirt; going in this  
Pickle by the Door of a Translator's Stall, I predee,  
sweet Joy, said Cragg, wilt dee not put a Heel-  
peeish upon de Toe of mine Shoon? and bee Chreest,  
I will pay dee van I geat into Plaush indede.

103. Dear Joy travelling in the North of Eng-  
land, in Company with a Scots Pedlar, weary with  
Travelling, and hot with the Season of the Year,  
they laid them down under a shady Oak to rest  
themselves. Teague, in his Sleep, fancied, that a  
great Spider had dropt from the Boughs of the Tree  
into his Mouth, which put him into a lamentable  
Apprehension, what should become of the Family  
of the Teagues, if his Father's Son, and the Hopes  
of his Mother, should now be poisoned in the Bud:  
Amidst this terrible Consternation, Teague made  
so loud a Noise, that Sawny was awakened there-  
by. *Vat in de Deel's Naume gerts the Lad to make  
like a Din? Wilt dou not tauke dy roast Men,* said  
Sawny? *Vhoo! vhaa! vhaa! boo! be Chreest, dear  
Shawny, I will tall dee, dare ish grate Poison  
mauke upon mee, be me Shoul, indede: Vhoo! vhaa!  
I will be deed, and me Moddar will haung mee, in-  
dede. Hoo! hee! hoo! boo! poo! dare ish noe  
Hopesh if any Left in mee, bee Chreest, it ish shome  
great Dee'l of a Spidder, dear Joy, dat ish fallen  
down upon mee Mout, indede, and it ish run down  
upon me Troate into me Belly, and me Gutsh ish  
fallen out upon me Brechessh, in Fait; Hoo! hee!  
poo! O bone! O bone! wat vill I doe? Noow de  
Plaunge tauke dee, says the Scot, va-at ve-el I doe?  
va-at ve-el I doe? be me Shaul Men, dee heest e'ne  
garr*

*garr Distract, and out of dy Vits ; be Shaint Aun-  
dro, I caun teell dee a plaushant Reamedy. My  
Joy, noow for de Love of Maggie, I voud prey dee  
tall waat it ish, and de Dee'l tauke me, I vill be dy  
Friendsb noow, all de Daysb of mine Life, indee.  
Com den, says Sawny, dou musht halp mee to catch  
dat Flye, and I warraunt I gate out de Shpider vid  
a Vengeaunce, O mee Shaul. So in little Time,  
Sawny had caught a Wasp by the Wings: Noow,  
says he to Teague, laay dee down upon dy Faush,  
and mount up dy nedder End, Mon, and I vill pot de  
Flye against dy Faart-boule ; and, O me Shaul,  
as soon as de Shpeedre garr heare de Flye Buzze,  
he vill com out of hish awne accourd, and vill gaung  
hish Ways. Upon that Teague lay on his Face, and  
mounting Scut, the false Loon put the Rump of  
the Wasp against the Rump of Teague, at which  
the Gentleman in the yellow Jacket whips his ve-  
nom'd Dart into the most tender Part of Teague's  
Posteriors. Voo ! vho ! vho ! vho ! vho ! vho !  
Bee de Maush, said Teague, it ish come out upon mee  
Fait, and it deed byte me by de Aursb leek de Dee'l  
himselke, it be shet mine Tayle on fire, indee ; bot  
it ish beeter to bee in dee Shyting-plaunce, dan at mine  
Hart, indee ; Dee'l tauke mee, it mauke mush Paine  
upon mine Aursb ; bot I tanke dee vid all mine Hart,  
noow ; for if dee basht not got out de Dee'l Shpidar,  
she vill kill mee, in fait.*

104. One being being in a Country where Bog-  
trotting was not so much the Fashion as in his  
own, took Occasion to borrow a lusty Mare that  
was Grazing in a Meadow ; the Owner met him  
on the Road on his Mare's Back, and by Strata-  
gem, caused him to be apprehended ; when he  
came to his Tryal, he spake to the Jury after this  
Sort, *Bee Shaint Pautrick, dear Joys, I tinke it very  
mush pittty, dat an honest Man musht be hung for de*  
*L. Moder*

*Modar of a Horsh; bot in fait, dey shay dat it vill bee found Fellony, and dat it vill mauke haunging upon a Maun be yoursh Lawsh; darefore, I predee, Dear Joy, laut it be found Mann-shlaughter, vor dat it be batter to mauke burne upon mine Haund, dan to mauke haung upon me Neck, till I be deed, indede.*

105. *Be Chreest, Dear Joy, said Owen to Patrick, if dee wilt goe allong vid mee vhan it ish Neet, dare vill be de finesht Shport, sush Singing upon de Minstral, dat vill mauke dee glaud Joy, indede. Dee'l tauke me dare vill be such Treatment ash dee disht never shее de like, in fait. Vat ish de Maater, reply'd Patrick, dat dare must bee Musshick? Be Shaint Bridgetsh Needle and Tread, I vill tall dee Shweet Joy, indede. Dee dosht knoww, Bryan oure Coushin, and Country-maun, says Owen, and he doe keep Tree-haupenny Baurbersh Shop in*

*And be Chreest, he be for mauking Love upon de pratty Girl in Shwan-Yard, in fait, and he vill mauke Sherenade upon her to Neet, vid de Shong, and de Irish Haurp, indede; and ve vill goe vid him, and heare every Vord, in fait. Yeesh be de Maush vill I, vid all mine Hart, reply'd Patrick, and I vill mauke goeing allong vid de, dear Joy, indede. So at Midnight they met the Gallant under his Mistresses Window, entertaining her, as one notes,*

*With a Minstrel, whose musical Eccho afforded  
A Sound, not unlike to a Truckle-bed corded.*

*In Confort to which, he saluted her with this Poetick Rapture.*

#### THE SONG.

*V I D mee Shtringsh of shmaal Cats Guts am I come,  
Aund a Haurp maude of Woud;  
Aund a Shaung vich, aund if dou wart dumb,  
Mey be hord or undarshood.*

*Lo!*



*Lo! dy Sharvant of de Bagsb,  
Vid me Faush untoward de Sowt,  
Humbly poshttraut one me Leggsh,  
Shweet tauke peety one me Yawt.*

*Aund ash de valksb allong de Shtreatsh,  
Brauver every Day and Brauver,  
Every one dat dosh dee meet,  
Vill shay, dare goesb the Voman Shauver.*

*Or elsh of dee day vill tinke ill,  
In dy haurd haurted Breasht to harbour,  
Vid de Rashor of Dishdain to kill,  
Aund cut de Troat of dy poor Barber.*

*Den hauve Peety upon mee my Deare,  
Mee dy Shlaufe, aund mee dy Vashal,  
Aund be not cruel, or ash it vere  
An obdurate Shtony Caushtle.*

*For be Chreest, dan farevel Pelf,  
Farevel Pigsnyesh, for I vow yle  
In me Bashon haung me Shelfe,  
Or else drowne me in me Towel.*

The Song ended, they were swilled with a Shower of Chamber-Lee, that fell from one of the Neighbour-Garrets, for disturbing the Repose of a peevish Kitchen-maid.

106. Noow pocksb upon me Lord's Footman, says Mac to Dennis, aund de Dee'l tauke him, indede: Bee Chreest, I shaull bee oblige at one Time or oddar, to mauke break upon bish Faush; for I caun never be upon Quiet for the dee'lish Beesh. Vat is de Matter? says Dennis. Bee Chreest, says the other,

*Hee ish allwayesh upon caulling me Shon of a Vhore, indede: Aund be Shaint Pautrick, dee dosht know me Moddar wash never maurried, in fait.*

107. A blind Master of Defence coming to the House of a Gentleman that was his Scholar; the Gentleman's Footman, who was a Teaguelander, ran in and told his Master, *Be me Shatoashion, dear Joy, here is shome Boudy come to shet dee indede: Who is it Sirrah, says his Master. Bee de Maush; dear Joy, it ish dy blind Mauster, vid bish Shword at bish Aursh, indede.* You block-head, reply'd the Gentleman, can a blind Man see? *Yeesh, yeesh, be Shaint Bridget, answered Skip, or elsh it were all one if bish Eyesh be out, indede.*

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*A Banter made upon an Irish Sberiff, on the Account of an Entertainment he gave to two Gentlemen belonging to the Life Guard of Ireland, when the D. of O. was Lord Lieutenant there, viz. about the Year 1643, called,*

### *The Irish ENTERTAINMENT.*

**A**T Carrick, where the noble Ormond met  
Kilkenny's supreme Councillors to treat;  
For Ireland's Peace, after I had let fly,  
At the lean half-boil'd fresh Beef-Ordinary,  
All my own Shillings, and the Truth to tell you,  
One more I borrow'd of my Friend Jack Bellow;  
'Twas Time, I thought, to make a quick Departure;  
With my Comrade, Ned Griffith, to free Quarter;  
And

And calling *Ned*, quoth I, he that long tarries  
 At this Town, shall find it not like *Beau Morris*;  
 Where, when we wanted Six-pence, we cou'd

[Dine,  
 Like Dukes, and only cry, *Peg* this makes Nine:  
 But here's no kind Tap-wife, nor confiding Cook,  
 Will let you eat and drink and smoak by th' Book.

A just Man, should we grant you, of that Sort,  
 Can't live by Faith here, tho' they've Scripture

[for't;  
 But when your Pocket's empty, faith, Sir, you  
 Must look your Belly shou'd ev'n be so too.

Now Reasons there are many, to persuade one,  
 That by our Landlord we shall be much made on;

For my Lord President hath wrote a Letter,  
 That he shall use us like ourselves, or better;

And then for certain, he's a Man of Bounty;

For hark, *Ned*, he's High-Sheriff of th' County;

Besides, he's of the *Poors*, and so must be,

By Consequence of our own Family:

They say, that he keeps Dogs too, and will course  
 The Hare most fiercely, but the Fox far worse.

This pleased *Ned* well, and straight we got two able

Horses out of my Lord Lieutenant's Stable,

And to *Coolfin* 'twixt Dinner Time and Supper,

We march't with our Portmantua's at our Crup-

[per;  
 Where when we came, we certain Structures saw

All perriwig'd with Rushes, or with Straw:

So even and like, *Ned* swore by his Creator,

Some Leveller had been the Fabricator:

For unto us, 'twas not distinguishable,

Which was the Mansion, which the Barn and

[Stable.

*Ned* he alights, and leads (God bless us all)

His Horse into his Worship's very Hall,

And



And turning round about, swears in great Anger,  
 Zounds, here's a Stable without Rack or Manger.  
 Peace, *Ned*, quoth I, prethee be not so hasty,  
 This is no Stable, tho' it be as nasty;  
 I see an Harp and Chimney too, and Sare  
 Say, there was Fire in't before the War.  
 I bad him be advised, what he spake there;  
 For should such Words come to the Sheriff's Ear,  
 'Twere Gold to Silver, but he wou'd be at us,  
 'Ere we were aware, with his Posse Comitatus.  
 Out *Ned* went laughing; I, as 'tis my Fashion,  
 Fell fraight into this serious Contemplation:  
 If the High-Sheriff such mean Dwelling have;  
 O hone! O hone! What has his under Knave?  
 But walking further, one whose unsol'd Shoes,  
 Like Fetters hung about his Feet, came to us;  
 And said, He'd for our Horses shew's a Room;  
 I ask'd him, if he were the Sheriff's Groom?  
 No, Sir, quoth he, I am his First-born; but can,  
 For need, supply the Office of his Man.  
 I cry'd him Mercy, wish'd him not be crost;  
 Off went my Hat, and off went his almost.  
 He bad us go to th' House; and so we took  
 Our Way to the Place, *Ned* and his Horse for-  
 [took:  
 And when that we a little there had wander'd,  
 In comes the Man, that prov'd to be our Land-  
 [lord;  
 Who by his Face and Garb, might pretty well  
 Pass *English* Muster for High Constable.  
 I with fit Ceremony to him went,  
 And gave him th' Letter, from th' Lord Prefi-  
 [dent:  
 He took't and read it; and, for ought I know,  
 We welcome were; but he ne'er told us so.  
 Opening his Mouth at length, he ask'd us, how  
 Corn sold beyond Sea? and if Men did plow?  
 When,

When, and for what Occasion, we came o'er ?  
 And if we ever had been there before ?  
 I answer'd him, which pleas'd him well, I think,  
 For straight he bid the Butler fill some Drink ;  
 But seeing in's Half-pint Dish of Wood,  
 Sip like a Maid, quoth I, This Man's is no good  
 Companion, or else his Drink's but small ;  
 Both which prov'd true : And this was all  
 Our Comfort now, we hop'd to have good Fare ;  
 And then for Table-Tipple 'twas most rare.  
 But now for Supper, th' round Board being spread,  
 The Van, a Dish of codl'd Onions led ;  
 I' th' Body lay a Tail of salted Salmon :  
 And in the Rear, some rank Potatoe came on.  
 We fate, and soon had made of this I trow,  
 A clean Board, if his Napkins had been so :  
 But opening one of these, I'll tell you Truth,  
 My Stomach was got full, before my Mouth.  
 Some House-wives wou'd give Groats a-piece for  
 [these,  
 To have the cleaning of them, for their Grease.  
 At length it came into my Fancy, that  
 They might be Relicks oil'd with holy Fat ;  
 And that the Apostles, when the Paschal-Lamb  
 Was eaten, wip'd their Fingers on the same.  
 To comfort Ned, quoth I, a short Repast  
 Must serve this *Wednesday* Night, 'cause 'tis a  
 [Fast :  
 But Mr. Sheriff, the next Meal, will mend it,  
 To our Content ; quoth Ned, I pray God send it.  
 Our Landlord fed well, and seeing us to eat  
 Nothing, he bid us welcome to his Meat ;  
 And having done he cross'd himself all o'er,  
 His Supper had done so for us before :  
 When Bed-time came, he bade one with a Light,  
 To shew us where we were to lodge that Night :

He

He had himself gone with us, I dare say,  
 But that his Chamber did not lie that Way.  
 So to a Room we came; of which 'tis all  
 I'll say, 'twas correspondent to his Hall.  
 Quoth *Ned*, I'll not unsheath, tho' I be drowsy,  
 The Sheets were us'd before, and may be lousy.  
 Peace, *Ned*, quoth I; dost not thou know thou  
 [Noddy,

Clean Linnen is unwholesome for the Body:  
 And Lice are here no more an Infamy,  
 Then red Hair is the Nation's Lechery.  
 So down we lay to Sleep, full well inclin'd;  
 But thro' the gaping Wall came such a Wind,  
 That from mine Head my Night-Cap (this is  
 [true)

To the farther Side of all the Room it blew:  
 And had there been in my fantastick Pate,  
 As many Windmills as I saw of late  
 Near *Wexford*, 'twould have whirl'd them all  
 [about:

And from my Nose e're since (like a shrill Snout)  
 Such Distillations fall, you'd think by this,  
 My Head were what the Prophet † wished his.  
 So 'cause we could not sleep, we fell to pray,  
 More than we us'd, but 'twas for nought but  
 [Day.

Quoth *Ned*, by the Lord, the Sun, if he shou'd  
 [sup,

And lodge like us, at Midnight wou'd get up:  
 And I shou'd tumble less, and sleep more, had I,  
 Instead of thee, dear *Tom*, some handsome Lady.  
 But there's no Night so long, but hath its Morn,  
 And so had this; which, if we had been born

---

† *Fountain of Tears.*



Stark blind, we cou'd not be more glad to see :  
 No alarm'd Soldier cou'd more quick than we,  
 Leap from his Bed, and sooner drefs himself,  
 So down went we, and play'd till th' Hour of  
 [Twelve,

When in came Dinner, but e'en still the same  
 Linnen I saw ; for Fish and Flesh there came  
 Dishes as formally were brought in, odd ;  
 Pork, Pork, and Pork, two boiled, and one fodd.  
 I'll hang for't, but he thought us *Scots* or *Jews* ;  
 And brought us Meat not to eat, but refuse.  
 But we fell on, with all our Main and Might ;  
 Urged by two Reasons, Hunger and Despight :  
 His Napkins Fatness, Leanness of his Meat.  
 Nor want of Salt, could hinder us to eat.  
 Nor henceforth shall his *Eves*, and *Embers* too,  
 Save him nought at all, at one Meal we'll eat  
 [two,

Devour his Swine's Flesh so, that he shall drefs  
 Some better Meat, in hopes that we'll eat less ;  
 And so live, and endure, till we shall be  
 Released hence next Goal Delivery ;  
 Mean Time, if any think, that I have told  
 More than the Truth, let them come and behold :  
 And finding Things not thus, I do desire,  
 They'd call me what I wou'd I were a Liar.  
 And let that Man that shall despise my Rhymes,  
 Know, that I have made better twenty Times.  
 Nor was my Muse in Fault, but the small Li-  
 quor :  
 Had that been stronger, these had been much  
 [quicker.  
 Who drinks the like, I'll hold my Ink and Pen  
 [on't,  
 He writes as bad ; God blefs my Lord Lieutenant.

108. A certain Gentleman of *Teagueland*, being on his Dead-bed, ordered his Will to be made; and his Son and a Priest were by at the same Time: *Mac* left all his Estate to his Son, excepting the Plate of his House; which he gave to the Priest to pray his Soul out of *Purgatory*. It happened this Native of *Teagueland* died; and the News of his Death came quickly to the Priest's Ear, who presently addressed himself to the young Man, the Son, for the Plate, which his Father by his Will had bequeathed to the Priest, to pray his Soul out of *Purgatory*. Says the Son to the Priest; *Awar, me good Fader, I predee, wilt dee trust me vid de Plaute, till de Funeral of me Fader be persourm'd*: To which the Priest agreed. The Funeral being over, the Priest came to the young Man, and demanded the Plate in this Manner, saying; *Dear Schild, dou knowst dy Fader hasb left me aul hish Plaute, for to pray hish Shoul out of Purgatory: And I predee noow he hish buried, wilt dou give it me? Dear Fader, says the young Man, I shall give it dee; bot I predee, give me a little Time for a Fourtnight, becaush I did bourrow shome more Plaute of me Naiboursh, to accomodate me Fadersh Funeraul; and I hauve not yett shourted it; and au me Shoul I voud not mistake, to give me Naiboursh Plaute to dee, insthead of de oder: Derefore when I hauve shourted de Plaute, dou shault hauve vbat ish dere.* At which the Priest seem'd contented, and waited patiently a Fortnight longer. When the Time was expired, the Priest being greedy for his Legacy, came to the young Man again; and said, *Noow, dear Schild, de Time ish out, and I predee give me my Legashv.* To which the young Man (who studied nothing more than to deprive the Priest of his Legacy) reply'd, *Dear Fader, I hauve considered upon de Plaute; and be Chreest de Plaute hasb been in aure Faumily mauny Yearsh;*

Yearsh; and I aum veery unwilling to part vid it;  
 it ish of sho aunshent a staunding; bot if I give dee  
 Money for it, it will pleash dee ash vell. Derefore,  
 shet de Prishe upon de Plaute, and I shaull give it  
 dee. The Priest said; Dear Schild, I will shet me  
 Prishe, be Chreesht sauve me, ash if dou wert me  
 awne Schild; I will have but twa Hundred and  
 fifty Poundsh. Be Got, said the young Man, 'tish  
 veery mush! I predee, good Fader, give me shome  
 Time to consider upon it; for I aum poore, and  
 have not mush Mounney bee me. Shacraument, O  
 Chreesht! said the Priest, vhy vilt dou shpauke  
 sho wickedly? dy Fader hash left dee above twa  
 Doushand Poundsh in Money, beshides Land, and  
 creat deal more Dings. Veery vell, veery vell, says  
 the young Man, bot I fait, I musht tauke dree  
 Weeksh to consider, hoow to paay dy Mounney. No,  
 says the Priest, I will give dee one Veek, and no  
 longer vill I shstay. Vell, vell, said the young Man,  
 den shince dee vill give me no moure Time, I vill tauke  
 no moure Time. In the mean while came another  
 Priest to this young Man; and the young Man  
 told the said Priest, that the other Priest had asked  
 him two Hundred and fifty Pounds, to pray his  
 Father's Soul out of Purgatory. O, said the  
 Priest, He vill sheat dee of dy Mounney; he ish a  
 Knause, he ish a shsecular Priesht, he caun pray  
 for de Living, bot nout for de Dead: But I caun  
 praay for de Dead, and praay dy Fader's Shoul  
 out of Pourgatory. What shall I give dee, quoth  
 the young Man, to pray my Fader's Shoul out of  
 Pourgatory? De oder, answer'd the Priest, ask'd  
 twa Houndred and fifty Poundsh; I vill tauke fifty  
 Poundsh of dee, and noe moure. And caunst dou  
 praay him out, says the young Man, neever to  
 come dere again? Teesh be Chreesht, said the Priest.  
 Hoow lounge Time, quoth the young Man, vilt dou  
 M 2 tauke



*tauke to doe it? I will doe it presbantly, reply'd the Priest, before I goe from dee. Den, said the young Man, I will give dee fiftety Poundsh. So he told the Money in ten Heaps, five Pounds in every Heap, and put it upon the Table, that the Priest might see it. And when the Priest beheld so pretty a Sum of Money, he fell to praying upon his Beads, and walked to and fro, as he was praying; and in less than half an Hour, he came to the young Man, and said, Noow, me Shon, dy Fader's Shoul ish out of Pourgatoury. Are ye shure, me good Fader, said the young Man, dat it ish freed from Pourgatoury? Yeesb, dear Joy, said the Priest, it ish in Heaven, and caunt come dere again: With that the young Man swept nine of the ten Heaps into his Hat, and said; Fader, dere ish Money for dee. Dou Reeproubaut! quoth the Father, didst du nout promish me fifty Poundsh, and wouldst du now pot me off with five Poundsh? Au me Shoul I shorn dy Prouffer! I shaull not tauke it, exshept du dost give me aull de fiftety Poundsh. Den, said the young Man, I will tauke it me shelfe. So the Priest went his Way, cursing this Fellow, by Bell, Book, and Candle. And when the Week was out, then came the other Priest for his two Hundred and fifty Pounds: But as soon as he came to the young Man, he was entertain'd in this Manner, O ye Rouge, ye Sheat, ye Knause, said the young Man, vould ye coshen me Fader and me? dou baashe Rouge, dou caunsh not praay for de Dead; dou caunsh only praay for de Living; get dee oout of me Housh, or au me Shoul I shaul dash dy Brains oout, dou great Rouge; Sirrah, get de gone quickly. And thus did this young Man frighten the Priest, that he was forc'd to depart. At length, both the Priests (complaining to one another, how they were served) study'd how to be revenged on  
this*

this young *Teaguelander* ; for which Purpose, they consulted, and resolved to hire a poor Native, that should have a white Sheet about him ; and that he should walk like a Ghost about Midnight, near the Shepherd's Tent. Now this young Man had a Shepherd, whose Name was *Nicholas* ; whom he loved very well ; and he did keep his Master's Sheep about four Miles off his House ; and had a good Tent to lie and watch in : So about Midnight, comes this hired Servant, (dress'd as before-mentioned, in a white Sheet, like a Ghost) by *Nicholas's* Tent, and with a hoarse Voice, cries, *Baurmel* (for so was the young Man's Name) *Remaumbre dy Fader's Shoul in Pourgatory* ; and repeated it three Times ; and came three or four Nights one after another, in this Manner ; *Baurmel, remaumbre dy Fader's Shoul in Pourgatory*. The Shepherd being thus disturb'd and frightned by his Master's Father's Soul, as he thought, went to his Master, and said, *I predee wilt dou give me my Vages, for be Chreeft I vill shtay noe longer vid dee* : Quoth the young Man, who loved his Shepherd, and was very sorry to part with him, *Vhat ish-de Mauster, Nicolau ? I haue been noe haud Mauster to dee ; I predee tall vhat ish de Occaushion of dis ?* *Pa ! po ! po !* said the Shepherd, *Predee give me my Vages ; I tall dee, I shaul nout shtay noe moure vid dee*. *Predee, Nicolau*, said the Master, *lat me know shome Reashon vby dosht complain ?* *I Fait*, said *Nicholas*, *dy Fader's Ghosht doesh come and tourment me aut me Tent, and I caunt be quiet, and crayes out, Baurmel, Baurmel, Remaumbre dy Fader's Shoul in Pourgatory*. *Ish dat aul ?* said the Master : *Coume, Nicolau, I vill goe vid dee, and I vill shree de Shpirit dou dosbe tall me of ; derefore predee, dear Nicolau, tauke Courage, and I shaul remeedy dee of de Shpirit*

*Sbpirit dou speakesht of.* So the Shepherd was something satisfy'd. And the next Night, the young Man (the Shepherd's Master) and the Shepherd, both went to the Tent, and staid there. About the usual Hour, at Midnight, comes this supposed Ghost, and cries in the same Manner; *Baurnevel, Baurnevel, Remaumber dy Fader's Shoul in Pourgatoury.* Said the Master to the Shepherd; *Predee, Nicolau, ashk de Ghosht, hoo w mauny Shons me Fader had.* To which the Ghost answered Eight, which proved to be true. Then said the Master to the Shepherd; *Predee, Nicolau, ashk de Ghosht, what vash de Naume of de eldesht Shon, and of de youngesht:* To which the Ghost answered amifs; upon which the young Man came out of the Tent, and having a good Cudgel by him, did belabour the Ghost very severely, infomuch that the Ghost began to roar out, and cry; *Good Baurnevelle, fourgive me, De bashe Roguesb de Prieshts, did hire me to mauke dish upon dee, dat dou mightsht paurt vid de Plante to dem; four dey did tall me, dat dou hadsht sheated dem; and if I voud counterfeist meshelf in dish Mauter, I might bring dee to perfourm dy Fader's Legaucy trough Fear; and au m Shoul, dear Baurnevel, I predee fourgive me, I shaul not trouble dee auny moure. Dou didsht shay de Priesht did hire dee,* quoth the young Man, *and be Chreesht, I will pay dee dy Vages:* And he fell upon him, and bang'd him unmercifully, till he left the Ghost almost dead. The News of this Intrigue being found out, the Priests were then put to a *ne plus ultra.* However, seeing they were discover'd in this Villany, they were resolv'd to exercise some other Thing upon the young Man; whereupon they excommunicated him. And when they had done so, he had Notice thereof. Then the young Man went to a Protestant



testant Church, and frequented it. The Priests were very mad at that; and set some Friends of the young Man's, to persuade him to come to confession to their Church, and his Excommunication should be taken off. The young Man upon this comes over again to the *Roman* Church, and came to a Priest to be confessed. The Priest knowing him to be a rich Fellow, expected a Sum of Money from him (which the young Man well knew also) and did bring a Bag of Forty Cobbs; which are as much as Five Shillings every one of them; and the Priest having a Bag at his Back, in which every Confessant put his Offering to the Priest, this young Man takes his Bag with the Cobbs, and strikes against the Priest's Back, and puts it into his Bag. The Priest feeling the Weight thereof, began to be joyful, that he had such a generous Confessant; and he was resolv'd to absolve the young Man of all his Crimes. So the young Man did confess to the Priest all the former Tricks, how he served the other Priests about his Father's Soul in Purgatory. To which reply'd the Confessor; *O dear Shon, me Joy, it ish veery reproubate, and baud, bot I boupe dou hasht noe shuch moure Crimes of dat Nature to counfesh to mee; bot dou art veery sjourry, and dosht repaunt vid aull dine Heart; and derefore will absolve dee.* While he was absolving, this young Man studying nothing more than villainous Practices, that is, thievish Practices; he did steal his own Money, and all the Priest's Money from the Priest's Back; whether he did take it out of the Bag with his Hands, (for these *Teagues* are very dexterous, and will steal with their Feet as well as with their Hand) or whether he did cut the String, by which the Bag was fastned, I cannot tell; but sure I am the Priest lost his Money.

ney. But the young Man perceiving the Priest did not feel it, &c. was taking his Leave of the Priest, having received Absolution : Said the Priest, *Dear Shon, hasht dou counfessed aull, hasht dou auny ding elsh doesh lye upon dy Counshience ?* At which the young Man made great Shrugs, and said ; *I fait, Dear Fader, I auwe shome ding upon me Counshience, which I fear, dou vilt nout fourgive me.* Quoth the Priest, *Be nout auffraid me Shon, tall me, and I shaull Absboulve dee.* So with Confidence that the Priest would forgive him, that is, give him Absolution, he began to tell him, and said ; *Dear Fader, ash I vash once confessing to a Priestst, while he gauve me Absolution, in good Fait, I did rob him of aull hish Money.* O me dear Shon, said the Priest, *That ish Shacriledge, a Shin unpaurdounable, a reproboute Shin : Vhat shaull I doe in dish Maatter ?* Praay Fader, said the young Man, *give me Absbolution, for dish ish de ounly Ding dat troublesh me.* The Priest then said ; *Me Shon doesht dou repaunt vid aull dy Heart ?* Quoth the young Man : *Yeesb, indede, upon me Shalvashion, I doe.* So the Priest gave him Absolution of that, and all other Crimes whatsoever, from the Beginning of the World to that Day ; little thinking it was his Money that was stole from him. So the young Teague, took his Leave of the Priest, and went away, and came upon a Green hard by, where were several young People playing at Cards ; at which Sport this young Teaguelander diverted himself with the Company he found there. In the mean Time came others to confession to this Priest ; and one asking the Priest, saying ; where is your Bag, that I might put in my Offering ? The Priest answered, *On me Bauck.* Quoth the Confessant ; *I caun find no Baug dare.* The Priest then feeling for the String of his Bag ; and by that perceived it to be cut away, and remembering

membring the young Man's Confession, how he did rob a Priest, concluded he must be the Thief: And the Priest in great Passion came upon the Green, where he found this young Man. And the Priest said to him: *Dou reproubaute Villain! O dou Rogue, de Dee'l will fetch dee, dou hasht rob'd me of me Mouney; Sirrah, give me my Mouney.* The young Man said, *I predee good Fader pardon me, dou hasht fourgiven me, and absboulv'd me dereof.* Said the Priest, *I did nout dink dou didsht shteat it from me, I dought it haud been from anoder.* Said the young Man; *If dou caunsht fourgive me to shteat from anoder, 'tish but jush and right to fourgive me to shteat from dysself; and, bee Chrest, dou hast absbolv'd me, and I will nout give dee a Farding again; but if dou wilt come to me Housh in de Houlaydays, I shaull give dee dy Belles full of Victualsh, and good Vine, and dat ish aull.*

Thus you may see among the Fools, one cunning Knave may be found; as by the foregoing Practices plainly appear.

109. A certain Teaguelander having stole a Mare from a Quaker: The Quaker lights upon him, and gets a Constable, and seizes the Mare for himself. The Teaguelander with much ado escaped, and made a Petition to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant concerning the same. A Copy whereof is as follows.

*To bissh Exshellaunsh de Lourd Lieutenant.*

*De Houmble Petishion of Mourtough Cavenough,  
a poor distressed Gentleman.*

**H**oumbly complayning, shewet unto youre Exshellaunsh, Dat youre Petishionar ish a veery poore  
N Maun,



*Maun, indede; and hath noting to maintain himself  
vidaul, bot de Benevolansh and Devoshion of good  
Ghreeshtiansh. It hapened dat your Petishioner tauke  
away a Mare from a Quauker; (tinking (be me)  
Shoul) to prefer himself in a Troup of Draugoonsh;  
under hish Maujeshties Commaund in Irelaund, to  
maintain himself: And besoure he vash preferred  
in auny Troup, anoder Maun comsh and shole away  
de Maure from youre Petishioner, and gauve har to de  
Ownaur four a Bribe: Sho dat de Quauker threatensh  
to haung youre Petishionaur four de Maure.*

*Derefore youre Petishionaur Houmblee Prayesh,  
and baggesh for Godsh Shaake, your Exshel-  
launshes Pardon; Wherebee he may be bould  
to showe hish Faush in de Countree, quiet and  
peashablee, amongst hish Friendsh, and nout  
to doe auny moure ever. And dish being  
graunted.*

*Your Petishinour shaul*  
*Ever praay, &c.*

110. If a Man does but go to Piss in any Cor-  
ner of the Street, he is strait presented with a dozen  
or two of printed Quack-Bills, stuck up before  
his Eyes; all pretending to effect great Cures,  
upon that Part that he has occasion there to make  
use of. Some stult with *Aqua-Tetra-Chymagogon*,  
and other hard Names, that would burst a Con-  
jurer. Others have the Name of the learned Dr.  
*Rock*, inscribed; *Cum multis aliis*. But what does  
all this signify to a dear Joy, that is under a Pur-  
gatory of a Clap, who perhaps hath not Learning  
enough to understand the Intent of those Directions;  
or not Faith enough to believe the Doctor's Sincerity

rity and Skill; or (which is worst of all) it may be not Money enough to pay the Quack? Somewhat of this Kind must be the Reason, that *Teague* had a long Time languished under a strange Heat in his Cod-piece; he had called *Venus* all the Bitches in Nature, and put *Drury-lane* into his daily *Litany*: He had obtained Absolution too, but no Cure was effected: But, indeed, the Distemper grew daily worse and worse, and put poor *Teague* in great Fear of losing the Handle of his Belly; and that his Mother would certainly have him hanged, if he died of that Disease. These Considerations, and what I told you before, made him look very dismally: And in this Pickle, *Jack* (who was Footman to a Lord of his Master's Acquaintance) found out poor *Teague* at the Door of a Tavern, not far from *Temple-Bar*. *Teague* was at that Time so struck in the Bog of Fear and Despair, that he would have asked Counsel of a Dog. His Looks soon betray'd the Distemper of his Mind; and his Motions that of his Body: He was not a little eased at the Sight of *Jack*, that he might disclose his Mind to him, and hoped to receive, at least, some Mitigation in this his Time of Extremity. Now you must know, this *Jack* was an arch sharp Wag, and one that had no great Veneration for *Teague's* Country-men, but could dissemble his Sentiments as learnedly as some Doctors do their Religion. After common Salutations, of Son of a Whore, what a Pox dost thou make here, and the like? *Jack* sat down on the Bench by poor half-mortified *Teague*; who soon took an Occasion to lay one Arm about *Jack's* Neck, in pure friendly Sort, and with a pitiful Voice, whispers him in the Ear, to this Purpose; *Mee dear Shoul, Jack! be Chreeft, I mauke veery glaud to seee dee, indede; Dee'l tauke me, dear Joy, I hauve*  
N 2
Loveing

Loveing for dee above aull mine awne Countre-  
mans, indede; upon mee Shalvashion dee beest de  
shevillesh Laud in de whole Towne, indede. La!  
And I haue mush Shecretsb to tall upan dee in  
fait, noow.

Jack. What a Plague canst tell upon me? ha!

Teague. Noe, be Chreesbt, it ish upon mine awne  
shelf, indede; bot dee beesth such a Vagg, dere ish  
noe speakeing upon dee, in fait.

Jack. Upon, again, Devil 'pon thee; pritheer  
go on with thy Shew.

Teague. But, Jack, I predee be shivil noow;  
and I will tall dee a veery shad Ting, in fait noow;  
and dee vout sware to mauke shecret, and tall none  
Bodish, be Chreesbt.

Jack. Pox take thee, pritheer have done once;  
here's whining and toning enough to tire the Devil.

Teague. Bot I cannot speake here, be Chreesbt,  
vor den every bodish will hear me, in fait. Vee wil  
goe over de Vay, and mauke drink a Pot of Aul;  
and I will tall dee, indede.

Jack. Come along then; leave Word with the  
Porter: How many Irish Half-Crown Half-pence  
hast got, Teague?

Teague. I haue shix indede, and I will mauke  
sopend upon four, vid aull mine Hart, in fait. As  
soon as the Ale was brought into the Room, Teague  
shut the Door, and embracing of Jack, fell a weep-  
ing. Boo! boo! boo! poo! Dear Jack, vaat will  
I doe? Vaat will I doe? Be Shaint Pattrick, mine  
awne Moder will haunge me indede. O bone! O bone!  
vaat will I doe?

Jack. Pritheer, Teague, in sober Sadness, what  
is the Matter?

Teague. Noow de Dee'l tauke me, I will nat tall  
mine awne Moder, nor mine Fader, nor mine Grand-  
fader, be me Shoul, Joy; bot I will tall dee, me dear  
Jack,



Jack, me Joy; Hoo! hoo! hoo! poo! I will be undon, be me Shoul; I will be ondon.

Jack. What a Pox is all this sputter for? Prithee make an end.

Teague. Hoo! hoo! poo! It ish no Hopesh, dear Joy, I will be undon, indede; Dee'l tauke me, I did pot — upon de dee'llish Beesh, and she haue pot de Pockish, and the Dee'l upon poor Pego; be Shaint Antonie, it be sho band ash de dee'llish Beesh caun maue it, and it bash quait spoile mee, in fait.

Jack. Is that all the Matter thou makest this Hubbub for? Why there's a Thousand old Women about Town, can cure this Business: I did not think your Countrymen had been afraid of a Clap. Come, come, let's see the Business.

Teague. Yeesh, be Shaint Pautrick, heare it ish, it be very shore, in fait, it be very shore, la! ah! ah! poa!

Jack. Pooing agen! what's here? a Flagellat! a Lampice! Zounds, what a pocky Dog is this! hark thee, Teague, it is turn'd to the Glanders, and thou must either take a Drench of Diapente, or else some Snush; it's the best Thing in the World for a Cold.

Teague. Dee'l tauke me, it ish hot enough, or else de Dee'l ish in't; be Chreast, me P—— ish a-fire, indede.

Jack. Come, here is my Master's Snush-box, Faith; I will give thee some Snush, and that will fetch out the Glanders, I'll warrant.

Teague. Den I shaull be boun to maue Prayer fer dee ash long ash I live in fait; and I will aukwaysh maue Love upon dee, indede.

Jack. Come, here is a Quill fnll of Snush; hold still, while I blow it into the Snout of the Beast.

Jack gives a puh, drives the Matter out at the Holes,

Holes, and the Snuff into the Urine-pipe ; at which Teague roars out.

Teaguh. Noow, de Dee'l tauke dee, me Jey ; Hoo ! hoo ! hoo ! poo ! poo ! Oh ! it ish all to Peeshes, be me Shoul ; I aum dead, indee ; I aum dead : I vill shue dee haung'd for it, dou Shon of a Beesh, dou basht mauke kill upon me ; Hoo ! hoo ! It ish mauke aull de running of de Reine come out, be me Shoul, noow.

What further Operation Jack's Clap-Dose had, I know not ; but if it made a Cure, Jack may have the Reputation to stick up his Bills amongst the learned.

III. A Person of very conspicuous Quality having a Daughter, whose Fortune was reputed to be Fifteen Thousand Pounds ; a certain Spark, of the Nation aforesaid, had, by a profound Wit-ticism, contrived to raise Five Thousand Pounds, and save the Father of the Lady Ten Thousand Pounds : Having therefore dressed himself in the Habiliments of an extraordinary Figure, he repairs to the Gentleman's House ; where he was received with great Civility ; and, pretending some extraordinary Business to the Gentleman, he was entertained at Dinner, which perhaps was no unseasonable Kindness. At the Table the Gentleman demanded of him his Business : To which he return'd in Answer, *Be Chrest, dear Jey, de Dee'l tauke me, I aum come in great Kindness to dee, indee, I can tell de dou maught shave Ten Doushand Poundsh in Fait, and be de Maush, daat ish a great Shem, Jey.* Ay, quoth the Gentleman, that is a considerable Sum, indeed ; and I shall not be ungrateful, if you can demonstrate how it may be effected. *Be Shaint Pautrick, dear Jey, dan I vill tell dee, in Pair. It ish shaid, dou wilt give Fifteen Doushand Poundsh*

*Poundsh vid de Laudy, dy Daughter, in Mauriage;  
and de Dee'l tauke me, I vill be for mauking Mar-  
riage vid har for five Doushand Poundsh, indede;  
and, be Chreeft, I dink dere ish Ten Doushand  
Poundsh shauved, in Fait.*

112. *Be me Shoul, Joy, quoth Patrick to Bry-  
an, I haue been mauking veery creat Treat,  
and creat Fashtivall, in Fait. Vhee, vaat in de  
Dee'lish Naume vash it? says Bryan. Vhee, be  
Chreeft, Mon, it vash a Veshthfauly Haum and  
Coucumbarsb, indede. Be me Shoul, daat ish vee-  
ry straunge! how vash it dresh'd I preedee?  
Vhee, reply'd he, it vash mauke upon a Roast  
Shoulder of Mutton, indeed; yeesb, in Fait, la.*

**F I N I S.**





[ 22 ]  
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